

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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VOL XXXVI NO 16
JANUARY 13, 1906

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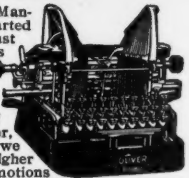
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JANUARY FICTION NUMBER

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-424 W. 13th St.; London, 10 Norfolk St., Strand, W. C.; and The International News Co., 5 Breams Bldg., Chancery Lane, E. C.; Toronto, Yonge Street Arcade. Copyright 1905 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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VOLUME XXXVI NUMBER 16 10 CENTS PER COPY \$5.20 PER YEAR

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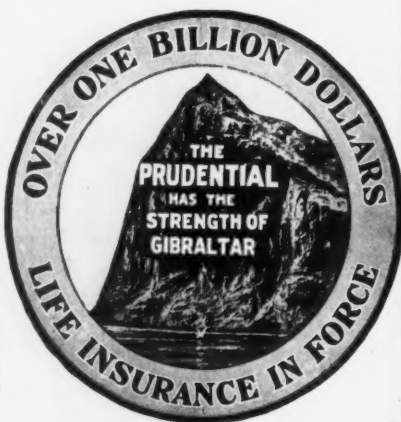
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"WANT US TO RESIGN, EH? CAN'T THE PEOPLE TAKE A JOKE?"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



HALF OF ALL OUR PEOPLE are affected by life insurance, and affected in their closest and most vital interests. The policies are in large part kept up out of the savings of men for the support of children and widows. Mr. LOUIS BRANDEIS, counsel for the protective committee of policy-holders in the Equitable Life Assurance Society, gives some almost appalling figures. In the old line companies alone there were, a year ago, 21,082,352 outstanding policies, for \$12,928,493,754, or a sum greater than the actual value of all the steam railroads in the United States. The assets are more than three times the aggregate capital of all the 5,331 national banks in the United States, and the income of these insurance companies is greater than the total revenue of the United States Government. The numberless assessment companies and fraternal benefit societies also provide life insurance. Even the legal reserve

OF VAST
IMPORTANCE

companies insure, in the main, persons of small means, performing essentially the function of savings banks. The large company advertises with pride its million dollar policies; but in 1904 the average size of the policy in the Equitable was \$2,648; in the Mutual Life of New York, \$2,351; and in the New York Life, only \$2,076. In the Metropolitan and in the Prudential, which join with the ordinary life insurance business the specialty of insuring working people, the average policy is only \$183 and \$178, respectively. In spite of the large policies held by a few individuals, the life insurance of this country is in the main held by what we term the people—"that large class which every system of business and of government should seek to protect."

A SPECIAL DANGER in these vast accumulations is that they are "quick capital." And here Mr. BRANDEIS' words are of special lucidity and value. One billion two hundred and forty-seven million three hundred and thirty-one thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight dollars, the assets of the Big Three, is a vast amount, but the control over financial matters exercised by these three companies is out of all proportion to this sum. Even in combinations like the Steel Trust, the Standard Oil, the Beef Trust, and the great railway combinations, a menace is admitted. Yet the capital of these great combinations is

OCTOPI
COMPARED

permanently invested mainly in lands, buildings, machinery, rails, equipments, and these manufacturing and transportation companies are directly dependent, therefore, for their prosperity, upon the prosperity of the country. The life insurance companies, on the other hand, not only are not dependent on prosperity, but reap certain benefits from adversity. The securities they already hold are not imperiled, and they can purchase new ones to better advantage. Mr. BRANDEIS is a conservative and sound lawyer, and he calls the insurance companies the greatest economic menace of our day.

FEDERAL REGULATION as a remedy for insurance evils receives rough treatment from the counsel for the policy-holders of the Equitable. The sole effect, he says, would be to free the companies from the careful scrutiny of some States, and it is fitting that a bill for this purpose should have been introduced by Senator DRYDEN, President of the Prudential, which pays to stockholders annual dividends equivalent to 219.78 per cent for each dollar paid in on the stock; which devotes itself to insuring workmen at an expense of over 37.29 on every dollar of premiums paid; which in 1904 made the worst record of lapsed and surrendered policies; and which wishes to get rid of such trouble

REMEDIES

as was made for it three years ago by the Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts. The remedies most favored by Mr. BRANDEIS are: discontinuance of deferred dividends; abolition of lavish payments for solicitors' and agents' commissions; prohibition of forfeitures; prescription by law of standard forms for policies; restriction of investments; restrictions on the executive officers with regard to their private enterprises; publicity and clearness in accounts; and limitations upon size of companies. We advise everybody vitally interested in this subject to write for Mr. BRANDEIS' pamphlet to the Policy-Holders' Protective Committee, 161 Devonshire Street, Boston. It is the best essay on the subject we have seen.

THE YOUNGER PITT SAID, according to unsupported legend, that a peerage was deserved by any man whose income was \$50,000 a year, which would amount to \$100,000 now. Mr. BALFOUR, toward the end of his premiership, seems to have carried the money principle of nobility further than his predecessors. New noblemen are supposed to be individuals who have rendered the state some service, and the recent trend is to reckon money-making the principle most clearly deserving of these labels. Soon the House of Lords apparently will consist of plutocrats, which may hasten the end of its existence. Aristocracy in a self-governing nation is a poor survival at the best. Once it was an inevitable development of the mode of life. Now it can be nothing better than a snobbish eminence without superiority in education or public function.

BRITISH
PEERAGE

"The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee."

The pedigree of money ceases soon to interest the public, and, if any aristocracy is an anachronism, special absurdity rests on one founded primarily on the bank account. Conservative as the English are, it is hard to believe their love for titles will be eternal. One of the undoubted acts of wisdom of our much discussed founders was their ban on all titles of nobility, which have entirely outgrown their value in the world.

THE REALITY OF RUSSIA'S CHANGE has almost passed beyond the state of doubt. Riots may be put down, but when popular discontent has gone so far, fundamental alteration, in one or another form, is inevitable and not far distant. The Russians are divided in their desires, but all save a weakened fragment know at least that the existing system is not what they desire, and that is a sufficient proof that a change will be worked out. "Revolutions," said WENDELL PHILLIPS, "are not made, they come," and Russia's may be of that kind. It is conceivable that even now some powerful ruler might spring up and do what NAPOLEON did to postpone free government in France. "I," said he, "am the mark **REVOLUTION** to indicate the page where the revolution has paused. When I die, it will turn the page and resume its course." There are no signs of a NAPOLEON in Russia, and delays there are more likely to come from limited concessions than from absolute, determined, and successful opposition. Force succeeds at Moscow because the people are divided in their views. Although guessing at this or any other distance must be hazardous, all the signs are that there will be at least enough unity of purpose to remove the despotic nature of Russian government while many of us are still alive.

IS HUMOR IRREVERENT to-day, compared with other centuries or decades? Some censors of our time accuse present writers of laughing without discrimination of true or false, good or ill. From "We do not know" it is said that the race of humorists has passed along to the intellectual anarchy of "We do not care." Canon ALFRED AINGER, in an address, now published, accuses modern humor of having for its principal ingredient scorn—"scorn, too, which is not earnest enough to take the form of misanthropy, as with SWIFT, or even of a moral indignation against particular offenders, as with POPE"; and this moral flippancy he charges particularly to America. "By far the most ignoble kind of cynicism is the cynicism, not of conviction, but of having no convictions: the cynicism of caring nothing for anybody, if only a **MODERN HUMOR** laugh can be got out of it." Our English friend uses as examples MARK TWAIN and W. S. GILBERT. What a point of view! MARK TWAIN seethes with conviction, and is always enthusiastically occupied with some crusade, and a gentleman who objects to the inspired insouciance of GILBERT must by very anxious indeed to find a moral in the sunshine or the rose. Humor can exist in other forms than corrective satire. It may be as purposeless as the melody of the lark or the sporting of the lamb, and it is strongly our belief that when American humor has no didactic end the cause is neither flippancy nor scorn for the ideal, but light-heartedness and enjoyment of the pure and uncorrupted comic sense, sometimes low, sometimes high, but seldom false.



WE HAVE OUR FADS, high among them the noted Colonel of Louisville, Kentucky. A fad, we take it, is a rather individual interest to which one returns for pure pleasure, when compulsory work is done. Such, for instance, might be the care, for one man, of fantail pigeons; for another, the collection of first editions; and for a third, some other form of playing marbles. For ourselves, when we are tired of the tariff, the wisdom of appointing or electing judges, the Philippines, the cotton crop, Venezuela, and the Canal, and wish to think of something in which the entertaining preponderates altogether, we think about the Colonel. "What Colonel?" do you

A PROLOGUE
TO THE NEXT

say? Alas, the very question has its sadness, for it shows the barriers between man and man. What one of us takes for granted is to another the ocean of inquiry, and what to one is strange is to another so familiar that he never thinks it needs description. There is but one Colonel. MANN, BRYAN, ROOSEVELT, ASTOR, and many another vast and famous man may bear the title, but "the Colonel," simply, alone like that, means Colonel WATTERSON, editor of the "Courier-Journal," of Louisville, Kentucky, and one of the friskiest writers in the world. Having thus identified him, introduced him into evidence, and confessed our affection for him, we proceed in the next paragraph to get near the subject of a late tirade.

THE COLONEL ATTRIBUTES to us "the cock-sure cast of mind," and softens his blow with the concession or allegation that this is "an excellent thing in editors." We do not agree with him, regarding either its value or our possession of it. According to our own self-analysis, doubts harass us, and complexity bewilders, without sleeping or cessation. To the Colonel we pass on certainty as his birthright and consolation, envying him its soothing messages. He says that the editor of COLLIER'S "is sometimes surprised by the answer which Echo gives his fancy." He is; he is;

WE READ
THE POINT

and that surprise would be enough to keep him modest, were not modesty the special jewel with which he is replete. He it was whom COWPER had in mind:

"I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn, and undeserv'd disdain,
And bear the marks, upon a blushing face,
Of needless shame, and self-impos'd disgrace."

We were talking of Southern sensitiveness, and next in the Colonel's bill of particulars comes the allegation that Kentucky is not Southern at all. That denial adds one to the causes for sympathy with the South, which really has more desperate troubles than other "sections." The Colonel says also that Texas, the Carolinas, Tennessee, and Virginia are as separate in their characteristics as the Nation of New Jersey and the late Kingdom of Hawaii. No doubt Southern States differ, as Northern States do, but exaggeration is rampant in the Colonel's style, and the Southern States are alike at least in facing, in the negro problem, a tougher condition than any existing north of the line. Why will not Marse HENRY let us contribute our feeble trifle of interest and fellow-feeling to this specially difficult situation, without pouncing on us, covering us with obloquy, and rending us in pieces?

THE REASONS FOR SENSITIVENESS in the South are given with plausibility and attractiveness by a Texas reader. Sensitiveness to criticism, in his opinion, is an indication of a jealous desire to preserve one's good name and character, of a wish not to be misunderstood. If the people of the South are more sensitive than others, it is because their fair name is still their dearest possession. They have not accumulated wealth, nor have they the political power of the North and East.

AN ANSWER FROM
THE SOUTH

"Put forth your hand and touch the wealth of your men of the North, or even threaten to deprive them of the unjust tribute which flows into their coffers, and you will find that they are as vociferous in their outcries against you as the men of the South could possibly be over their honor." There is another reason given by this observer why Southerners feel sharply the sting of Northern criticism of Southern methods of dealing with social problems: Men of the North write the books which men of the South and their children read and study. They have not yet been able to establish and sustain

great periodicals to voice their sentiments or aid in education. We believe both of these reasons to be illuminating, and consider also that the increase of wealth, of political power, and of the local supply of powerful organs of opinion, whether in bound volumes or in magazines, will tend, for better or worse, to cause this sensitiveness to lessen in amount.

IN THE PATENT MEDICINE BUSINESS some participants are cynical exploiters of human credulity, some are enthusiastic believers, and others can be found at any intermediate step between. One of the chief officers of a famous female "remedy" is a man of broad charities, a worker in the Church and other beneficent enterprises. Shall we cross-bar his name with the brand "Fraud"? An official of a "medicinal" whiskey said to Mr. ADAMS: "Look at our list of stockholders! Bank presidents, heads of our soundest institutions, the best citizens of Rochester. Do you think they'd be in this thing if it weren't all right? But, for Heaven's sake, don't print their names!" We may later have a special article on the

PERSONAL RE-
SPONSIBILITY

personnel of these enterprises—on the officers and stockholders—but at a y rate the request has significance. "For Heaven's sake, don't print their names!" We surmise that this would be the plea of most silent holders of the tainted stock. Suppose we should decide to print all the names and hold each man responsible for the harm done by the particular swindle in whose profits he is a participant; what on the whole would be the result? One point, at least, presents itself in no uncertain light. The participant does not make the business reputable, despite the opinion of the whiskey-medicine man. Might it not be as well in the long run if steps were taken so that the business should make the participant disreputable?

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THE POOR
READER



HALF OF ALL OUR PEOPLE are affected by life insurance, and affected in their closest and most vital interests. The policies are in large part kept up out of the savings of men for the support of children and widows. Mr. LOUIS BRANDEIS, counsel for the protective committee of policy-holders in the Equitable Life Assurance Society, gives some almost appalling figures. In the old line companies alone there were, a year ago, 21,082,352 outstanding policies, for \$12,928,493,754, or a sum greater than the actual value of all the steam railroads in the United States. The assets are more than three times the aggregate capital of all the 5,331 national banks in the United States, and the income of these insurance companies is greater than the total revenue of the United States Government. The numberless assessment companies and fraternal benefit societies also provide life insurance. Even the legal reserve companies insure, in the main, persons of small means, performing essentially the function of savings banks. The large company advertises with pride its million dollar policies; but in 1904 the average size of the policy in the Equitable was \$2,648; in the Mutual Life of New York, \$2,351; and in the New York Life, only \$2,076. In the Metropolitan and in the Prudential, which join with the ordinary life insurance business the specialty of insuring working people, the average policy is only \$183 and \$178, respectively. In spite of the large policies held by a few individuals, the life insurance of this country is in the main held by what we term the people—"that large class which every system of business and of government should seek to protect."

OF VAST
IMPORTANCE

A SPECIAL DANGER in these vast accumulations is that they are "quick capital." And here Mr. BRANDEIS' words are of special lucidity and value. One billion two hundred and forty-seven million three hundred and thirty-one thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight dollars, the assets of the Big Three, is a vast amount, but the control over financial matters exercised by these three companies is out of all proportion to this sum. Even in combinations like the Steel Trust, the Standard Oil, the Beef Trust, and the great railway combinations, a menace is admitted. Yet the capital of these great combinations is

OCTOPI
COMPARED

permanently invested mainly in lands, buildings, machinery, rails, equipments, and these manufacturing and transportation companies are directly dependent, therefore, for their prosperity, upon the prosperity of the country. The life insurance companies, on the other hand, not only are not dependent on prosperity, but reap certain benefits from adversity. The securities they already hold are not imperiled, and they can purchase new ones to better advantage. Mr. BRANDEIS is a conservative and sound lawyer, and he calls the insurance companies the greatest economic menace of our day.

FEDERAL REGULATION as a remedy for insurance evils receives rough treatment from the counsel for the policy-holders of the Equitable. The sole effect, he says, would be to free the companies from the careful scrutiny of some States, and it is fitting that a bill for this purpose should have been introduced by Senator DRYDEN, President of the Prudential, which pays to stockholders annual dividends equivalent to 219.78 per cent for each dollar paid in on the stock; which devotes itself to insuring workmen at an expense of over 37.29 on every dollar of premiums paid; which in 1904 made the worst record of lapsed and surrendered policies; and which wishes to get rid of such trouble

REMEDIES

as was made for it three years ago by the Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts. The remedies most favored by Mr. BRANDEIS are: discontinuance of deferred dividends; abolition of lavish payments for solicitors' and agents' commissions; prohibition of forfeitures; prescription by law of standard forms for policies; restriction of investments; restrictions on the executive officers with regard to their private enterprises; publicity and clearness in accounts; and limitations upon size of companies. We advise everybody vitally interested in this subject to write for Mr. BRANDEIS' pamphlet to the Policy-Holders' Protective Committee, 161 Devonshire Street, Boston. It is the best essay on the subject we have seen.

THE YOUNGER PITT SAID, according to unsupported legend, that a peerage was deserved by any man whose income was \$50,000 a year, which would amount to \$100,000 now. Mr. BALFOUR, toward the end of his premiership, seems to have carried the money principle of nobility further than his predecessors. New noblemen are supposed to be individuals who have rendered the state some service, and the recent trend is to reckon money-making the principle most clearly deserving of these labels. Soon the House of Lords apparently will consist of plutocrats, which may hasten the end of its existence. Aristocracy in a self-governing nation is a poor survival at the best. Once it was an inevitable development of the mode of life. Now it can be nothing better than a snobbish eminence without superiority in education or public function.

BRITISH
PEERAGE

"The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee."

The pedigree of money ceases soon to interest the public, and, if any aristocracy is an anachronism, special absurdity rests on one founded primarily on the bank account. Conservative as the English are, it is hard to believe their love for titles will be eternal. One of the undoubted acts of wisdom of our much discussed founders was their ban on all titles of nobility, which have entirely outgrown their value in the world.

THE REALITY OF RUSSIA'S CHANGE has almost passed beyond the state of doubt. Riots may be put down, but when popular discontent has gone so far, fundamental alteration, in one or another form, is inevitable and not far distant. The Russians are divided in their desires, but all save a weakened fragment know at least that the existing system is not what they desire, and that is a sufficient proof that a change will be worked out. "Revolutions," said WENDELL PHILLIPS, "are not made, they come," and Russia's may be of that kind. It is conceivable that even now some powerful ruler might spring up and do what NAPOLEON did to postpone free government in France. "I," said he, "am the mark **REVOLUTION** to indicate the page where the revolution has paused. When I die, it will turn the page and resume its course." There are no signs of a NAPOLEON in Russia, and delays there are more likely to come from limited concessions than from absolute, determined, and successful opposition. Force succeeds at Moscow because the people are divided in their views. Although guessing at this or any other distance must be hazardous, all the signs are that there will be at least enough unity of purpose to remove the despotic nature of Russian government while many of us are still alive.

IS HUMOR IRREVERENT to-day, compared with other centuries or decades? Some censors of our time accuse present writers of laughing without discrimination of true or false, good or ill. From "We do not know" it is said that the race of humorists has passed along to the intellectual anarchy of "We do not care." Canon ALFRED AINGER, in an address, now published, accuses modern humor of having for its principal ingredient scorn—"scorn, too, which is not earnest enough to take the form of misanthropy, as with SWIFT, or even of a moral indignation against particular offenders, as with POPE"; and this moral flippancy he charges particularly to America. "By far the most ignoble kind of cynicism is the cynicism, not of conviction, but of having no convictions: the cynicism of caring nothing for anybody, if only a MODERN HUMOR laugh can be got out of it." Our English friend uses as examples MARK TWAIN and W. S. GILBERT. What a point of view! MARK TWAIN seethes with conviction, and is always enthusiastically occupied with some crusade, and a gentleman who objects to the inspired insouciance of GILBERT must by very anxious indeed to find a moral in the sunshine or the rose. Humor can exist in other forms than corrective satire. It may be as purposeless as the melody of the lark or the sporting of the lamb, and it is strongly our belief that when American humor has no didactic end the cause is neither flippancy nor scorn for the ideal, but light-heartedness and enjoyment of the pure and uncorrupted comic sense, sometimes low, sometimes high, but seldom false.



WE HAVE OUR FADS, high among them the noted Colonel of Louisville, Kentucky. A fad, we take it, is a rather individual interest to which one returns for pure pleasure, when compulsory work is done. Such, for instance, might be the care, for one man, of fantail pigeons; for another, the collection of first editions; and for a third, some other form of playing marbles. For ourselves, when we are tired of the tariff, the wisdom of appointing or electing judges, the Philippines, the cotton crop, Venezuela, and the Canal, and wish to think of something in which the entertaining preponderates altogether, we think about the Colonel. "What Colonel?" do you

A PROLOGUE
TO THE NEXT

say? Alas, the very question has its sadness, for it shows the barriers between man and man. What one of us takes for granted is to another the ocean of inquiry, and what to one is strange is to another so familiar that he never thinks it needs description. There is but one Colonel. MANN, BRYAN, ROOSEVELT, ASTOR, and many another vast and famous man may bear the title, but "the Colonel," simply, alone like that, means Colonel WATTERSON, editor of the "Courier-Journal," of Louisville, Kentucky, and one of the friskiest writers in the world. Having thus identified him, introduced him into evidence, and confessed our affection for him, we proceed in the next paragraph to get near the subject of a late tirade.

THE COLONEL ATTRIBUTES to us "the cock-sure cast of mind," and softens his blow with the concession or allegation that this is "an excellent thing in editors." We do not agree with him, regarding either its value or our possession of it. According to our own self-analysis, doubts harass us, and complexity bewilders, without sleeping or cessation. To the Colonel we pass on certainty as his birthright and consolation, envying him its soothing messages. He says that the editor of COLIER'S "is sometimes surprised by the answer which Echo gives his fancy." He is; he is; and that surprise would be enough to keep him modest, were not modesty the special jewel with which he is replete. He it was whom COWPER had in mind:

WE READ
THE POINT

"I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn, and undeserv'd disdain,
And bear the marks, upon a blushing face,
Of needless shame, and self-impos'd disgrace."

We were talking of Southern sensitiveness, and next in the Colonel's bill of particulars comes the allegation that Kentucky is not Southern at all. That denial adds one to the causes for sympathy with the South, which really has more desperate troubles than other "sections." The Colonel says also that Texas, the Carolinas, Tennessee, and Virginia are as separate in their characteristics as the Nation of New Jersey and the late Kingdom of Hawaii. No doubt Southern States differ, as Northern States do, but exaggeration is rampant in the Colonel's style, and the Southern States are alike at least in facing, in the negro problem, a tougher condition than any existing north of the line. Why will not Marse HENRY let us contribute our feeble trifle of interest and fellow-feeling to this specially difficult situation, without pouncing on us, covering us with obloquy, and rending us in pieces?

THE REASONS FOR SENSITIVENESS in the South are given with plausibility and attractiveness by a Texas reader. Sensitiveness to criticism, in his opinion, is an indication of a jealous desire to preserve one's good name and character, of a wish not to be misunderstood. If the people of the South are more sensitive than others, it is because their fair name is still their dearest possession. They have not accumulated wealth, nor have they the political power of the North and East.

AN ANSWER FROM
THE SOUTH

"Put forth your hand and touch the wealth of your men of the North, or even threaten to deprive them of the unjust tribute which flows into their coffers, and you will find that they are as vociferous in their outcries against you as the men of the South could possibly be over their honor." There is another reason given by this observer why Southerners feel sharply the sting of Northern criticism of Southern methods of dealing with social problems: Men of the North write the books which men of the South and their children read and study. They have not yet been able to establish and sustain

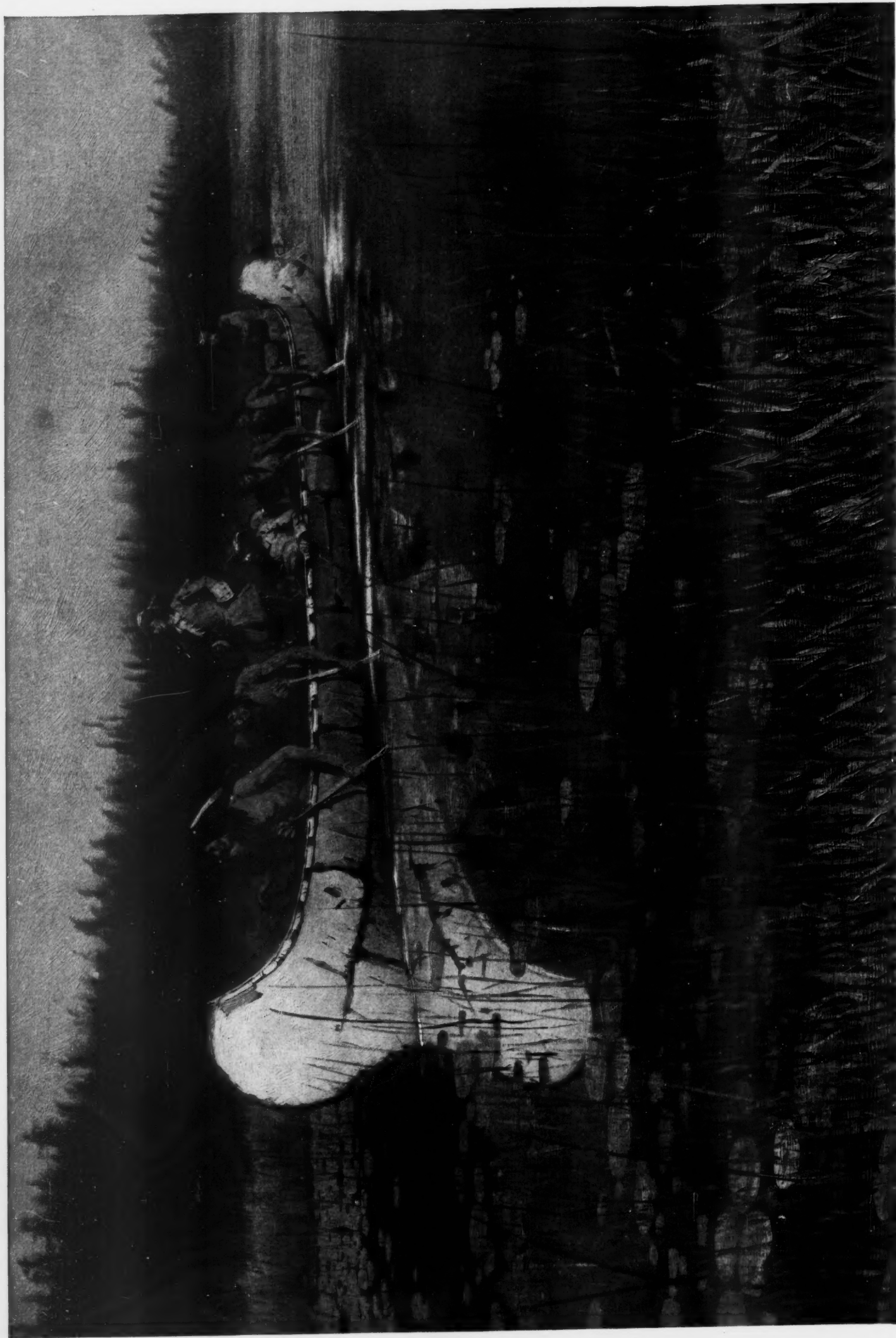
great periodicals to voice their sentiments or aid in education. We believe both of these reasons to be illuminating, and consider also that the increase of wealth, of political power, and of the local supply of powerful organs of opinion, whether in bound volumes or in magazines, will tend, for better or worse, to cause this sensitiveness to lessen in amount.

IN THE PATENT MEDICINE BUSINESS some participants are cynical exploiters of human credulity, some are enthusiastic believers, and others can be found at any intermediate step between. One of the chief officers of a famous female "remedy" is a man of broad charities, a worker in the Church and other beneficent enterprises. Shall we cross-bar his name with the brand "Fraud"? An official of a "medicinal" whiskey said to Mr. ADAMS: "Look at our list of stockholders! Bank presidents, heads of our soundest institutions, the best citizens of Rochester. Do you think they'd be in this thing if it weren't all right? But, for Heaven's sake, don't print their names!" We may later have a special article on the personnel of these enterprises—on the officers and stockholders—but at a y rate the request has significance. "For Heaven's sake, don't print their names!" We surmise that this would be the plea of most silent holders of the tainted stock. Suppose we should decide to print all the names and hold each man responsible for the harm done by the particular swindle in whose profits he is a participant; what on the whole would be the result? One point, at least, presents itself in no uncertain light. The participant does not make the business reputable, despite the opinion of the whiskey-medicine man. Might it not be as well in the long run if steps were taken so that the business should make the participant disreputable?

PERSONAL RE-
SPONSIBILITY

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THE POOR
READER



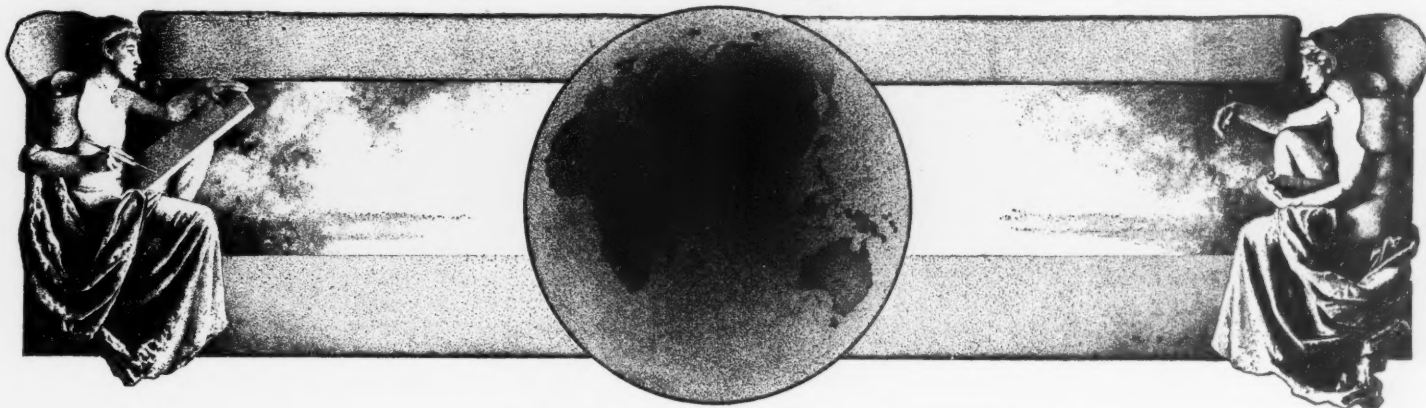
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Pierre Raddison, a Frenchman, together with Grossetier, in 1659 voyaged west of Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg, and also covered a great deal of new territory in the vicinity of Hudson's Bay

THE GREAT EXPLORERS. IV—RADDISON

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

ALL the horrors of the Russian revolution have been concentrated at Moscow. ¶Following the close of the insurance investigation, John A. McCall has resigned the presidency of the New York Life and made good the Hamilton shortage of \$235,000. ¶The Vice-President and Cabinet of Santo Domingo have subjected the Roosevelt Administration to embarrassment by chasing its protégé, President Morales, to the woods. ¶The consolidation of all the surface, underground, and elevated railroads in New York County has given new adherents to the policy of municipal ownership. ¶Japan has raised her legation at Washington to the rank of an embassy, involving a corresponding obligation on our part. ¶The representatives of 68 colleges and universities in a conference at New York, December 28, decided to appoint a committee of seven to seek amalgamation with the old football rules committee for the purpose of reforming the game. ¶The huge floating dry-dock "Dewey" started on December 28 on her 14,000-mile tow to the Philippines—the greatest undertaking of the kind ever attempted in the world. ¶Governor-General Wright, of the Philippines, declares that if the next bids for the construction of railroads in the islands are not satisfactory, the Government will build one or more of the important lines itself. ¶The returns for the poor of London show that pauperism is more prevalent there now than at any other time in the past thirty years.

¶The retirement of James J. Hill from active railroad work is announced. ¶Chief Engineer Stevens, of the Isthmian Canal Commission, reports that the work at Panama has suffered from the lack of a definite plan. ¶The official canvass of the New York vote shows a plurality of 3,472 for McClellan for Mayor, and one of 15,064 for Jerome for District Attorney. Mayor McClellan has reorganized his administration, making his new appointments on the basis of efficiency, in complete independence of Tammany. ¶The joint committee appointed by the Western railroads conferred with the Interstate Commerce Commission, on December 28, on the subject of rebates, and pledged the roads represented to conform to the law in every respect, to aid in its enforcement, and to report every violation known or reasonably suspected. ¶The Government won its first victory in the private car prosecutions at Milwaukee on December 28, compelling the Pabst Brewing Company, the Milwaukee Refrigerator Transit Company, and six railroads to go to trial on the merits of the cases against them. ¶Secretary Shaw exonerates John R. Walsh, the insolvent Chicago banker, from the charge of dishonesty, although he admits that that part of the national banking law prohibiting loans of more than ten per cent of the capitalization to one man may have been violated. ¶Charles T. Yerkes, the traction magnate of Chicago and London, died at New York, December 29.

Russia in Brain Fever

THE last week of the old year was one of strange vicissitudes in Russia. The general strike, from which so much had been hoped and feared, proved a failure, but in various parts of the country the radicals broke into armed rebellion. Civil war raged in Moscow through the entire week, with casualties greater than we suffered, by land and sea, in the whole course of our war with Spain. The strike broke out in the ancient capital a day ahead of time. The workmen were armed, and completely under the influence of the militant revolutionists, who had planned to seize the railroad station, the Council building, and the State bank, with the help of the students, and proclaim a provisional government. The authorities learned of the scheme and anticipated the rising by taking the aggressive. Desperate battles ensued; barricades sprang up all over the city, and as fast as one was captured another took its place. The revolutionists had managed to gain possession of thousands of revolvers and innumerable bombs. That the troops remained loyal was reassuring to the Government from one point of view, but from another the very fact that the whole military power was strained to the utmost made the week's resistance of a mob of workmen all the more ominous. The troops carried on regular siege operations, directed by rocket signals. The insurgents were barricaded in various sections of the city, which it was necessary to carry almost house by house.

The Moscow outbreak appears to have been one of a series of studied tests of the temper of the military. The Russian army in Europe is scattered over an area of two million square miles. The garrison at one place might be loyal and that at another disaffected. If the revolutionists could find a place in which the



AFTER THE MUTINY AT CRONSTADT

The arrival of the Cronstadt regiment to restore order. By this time the rioters were lying in a drunken stupor in cellars and other hiding places and the fighting was over. But as soon as the disorder was temporarily suppressed in one town it broke out in another

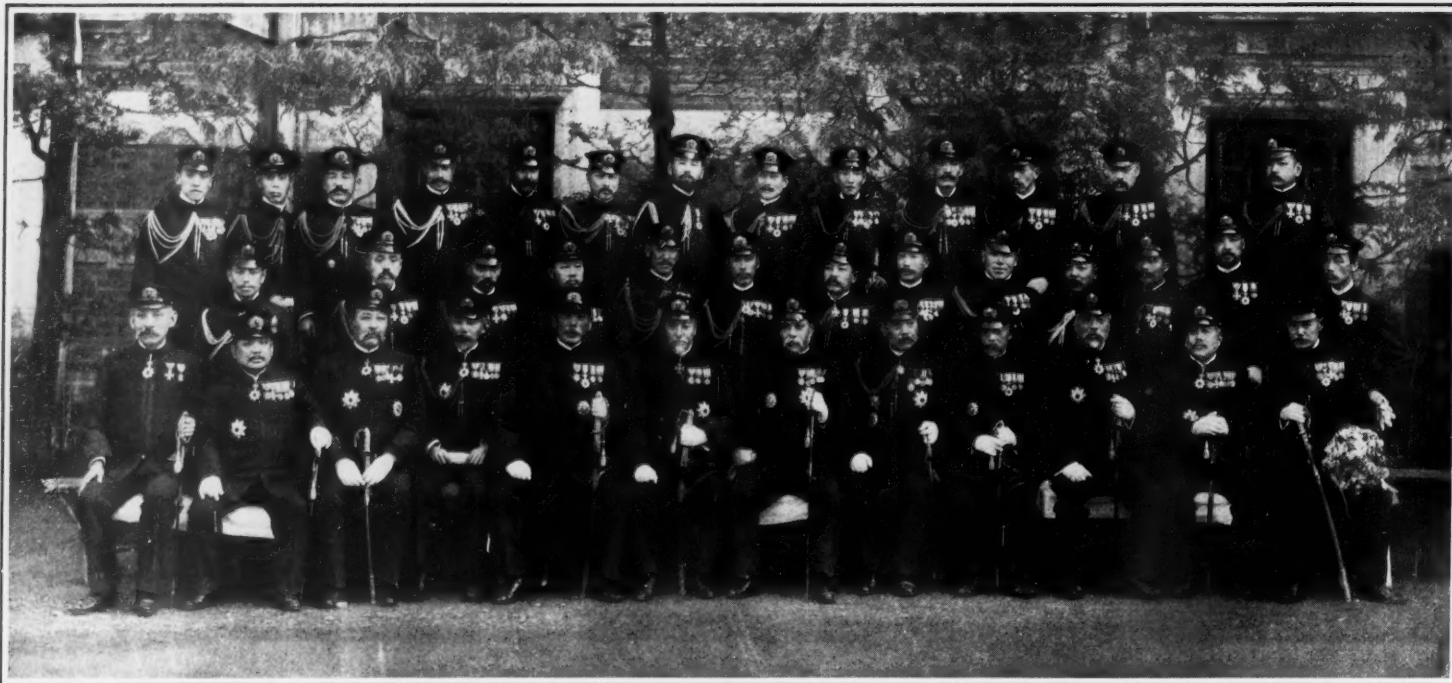


SOME OF THE EFFECTS OF RIOT

All that remained of an admiral's household goods after the mob had finished its visit to his establishment. Most high officers at Cronstadt, Sebastopol, and Vladivostok, the headquarters of the three great divisions of the Russian Navy, had similar experiences

troops would join them they could set up a republic there and make it a nucleus of democratic fermentation. Apparently inspired by this idea, revolts have broken out here and there in all parts of the Empire. In the Baltic Provinces the rebellion has had more cohesion and success than anywhere else. While the authorities have recovered possession of Riga, the capital, they seem able to hold only the ground the troops occupy, and the rebels control large parts of Livonia and Courland. The Governor-General has received large reinforcements and has planned a systematic campaign for the extirpation of the insurgents.

In the midst of alarms the terms of the new electoral law passed without much notice. This scheme was ingeniously arranged to give as many people as possible the satisfaction of voting without letting their votes accomplish anything dangerous. For instance, all the workmen in the factories can vote, but it does not necessarily follow that they will have any representatives in the Duma. The cities are lumped with the provinces, each of which will have its provincial Electoral College. The terms of suffrage are so arranged that in the Province of St. Petersburg there will be fourteen peasants in the Electoral College, eighteen country landlords, fifteen city landlords, and twenty-four workmen. As the electors will choose the members of the Duma by majority vote, no element can win without a combination with others; but the peasants and workmen together could control the Electoral College, or the city and country landlords could control with the help of three peasants. If the latter combination could be effected, the workmen might be entirely shut out. Of course, there are few provinces in which the labor vote is as strong as in St. Petersburg.



THE MEN WHO WIPED OUT THE SEA POWER OF RUSSIA

The senior admirals of the Japanese Navy, with their staffs, in front of the Naval Office at Tokio on the occasion of Admiral Togo's triumphant return. The officers in each row, reading from right to left, are: Front Line—Captain Yamashita; Vice-Admiral Salto, Vice-Minister of the Navy; Vice-Admiral Dewa; Vice-Admiral Kataoka, Commander-in-Chief of the Third Squadron; Admiral Viscount Ito; Admiral Baron Yamamoto, Minister of the Navy; Admiral Togo, Commander-in-Chief of the Combined Squadron; Vice-Admiral Kamimura, Commander-in-Chief of the Second Squadron; Vice-Admiral Ijūin; Dr. Saneyoshi, Surgeon Inspector-General; Mr. Murakami, Paymaster Inspector-General; Rear-Admiral Hashimoto. Middle Line—Mr. Kikaki, Inspector of Machinery; Commander Funakoshi; Captain Yegashira; Commander Nagata; Commander Takagi; Captain Nawa; Captain Salto; Rear-Admiral Kato; Captain Fujii; Mr. Yamamoto, Inspector of Machinery; Captain Yamaya; Mr. Masuda, Lieutenant-Commander; Mr. Kato, Lieutenant-Commander. Rear Line—Mr. Taniguchi, Lieutenant-Commander; Mr. Tanakas, Lieutenant-Commander; Mr. Hiraka, Lieutenant-Commander; Captain Kamizumi; Viscount Ogasawara, Commander; Mr. Takenouchi, Lieutenant-Commander; Captain Nomaguchi; Captain Takarabe; Mr. Iyeda, Lieutenant-Commander; Mr. Sasaki, Lieutenant-Commander; Commander Mori; Mr. Murayama, Lieutenant-Commander; Count Sano, Lieutenant-Commander.

One Insurance Chapter Closed

THE first stage of the insurance investigation in New York ended on December 29, with public interest unabated and the supply of important material showing no signs of exhaustion. The Legislature which authorized the investigation expired on January 1, but most of the members of the committee belong to the new one, and the work can easily be continued. When this inquiry began, four months ago, there was a general feeling of uneasiness about the insurance situation, but no positive evidence against the management of any company but the Equitable. The committee, through the incisive questioning of Charles E. Hughes, aided by the exhaustive legal work of James McKeen and the skilled actuarial assistance of Miles M. Dawson, has let daylight into the darkest corners of all the great companies. Important reforms have already been effected in all of them. Expenses have been reduced and secret lobbying bureaus abolished. The McCurdys and Perkins have followed Hyde and Alexander into retirement, and McCall is about to go. Housecleaning committees have been at work both in the Mutual and in the New York Life.

The most important feature of the last week of the investigation was the statement of the fugitive lobbyist, "Judge" Andrew Hamilton, which young Mr. McCall went to Paris to get. Mr. McCall brought back a physician's certificate assuring the committee that the state of Hamilton's health would not permit him to enjoy the happiness of testifying. In lieu of his personal testimony Hamilton sent a long affidavit, purporting to explain his financial transactions for the New York Life, but really explaining nothing. The lobbyist told how he had organized what he called a "Secret Service Department" to influence legislation. He artlessly justified the existence of this agency on the ground that the United States Government maintained such a department, overlooking the trivial detail that the object of the national Secret Service was to detect crime and that of the insurance Secret Service to commit it.

Hamilton furnished a table of expenses aggregating \$720,550 in seven years. No details were given—everything was lumped under six general heads—"retainers," \$77,350; "five per cent of disbursements," \$33,900; "fifty per cent of differ-

ence between amount expended to \$100,000," \$49,400; "clerk hire and rent," \$34,000; "traveling expenses and hotel expenses for myself and my representatives," \$74,700, and "retainers and fees for my representatives and newspaper articles," \$451,200.

This table, such as it is, exhibits total expenses of \$720,550, as against \$959,033.69 known to have been received by Hamilton. Even after deducting \$90,000 paid to the lobbyist for a special service, there is left a balance of \$145,000 for which there is not a pretence of accounting. Ham-

sentatives were doing. Nevertheless he protested: "I want it thoroughly understood that not one dollar ever paid me by the New York Life has been used improperly or for improper purposes, or in any way that transgressed either the statutory or the moral law." He "did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame."

According to Hamilton's statement, his "Secret Service Department" has maintained regular representatives at the capitals of every State in the Union. In the past seven years over seven hundred and fifty bills directly affecting the interests of the policy-holders of the New York Life have been introduced in the different Legislatures. These have been quietly and decorously smothered, without public scandal, by men of the highest character, but with a mysterious repugnance to allowing their connection with the company or its head lobbyist to be known. They were like the contributors to some periodicals, who are not particular about the kind of work they do, but who draw the line at handling the papers' checks. Mr. Hamilton added:

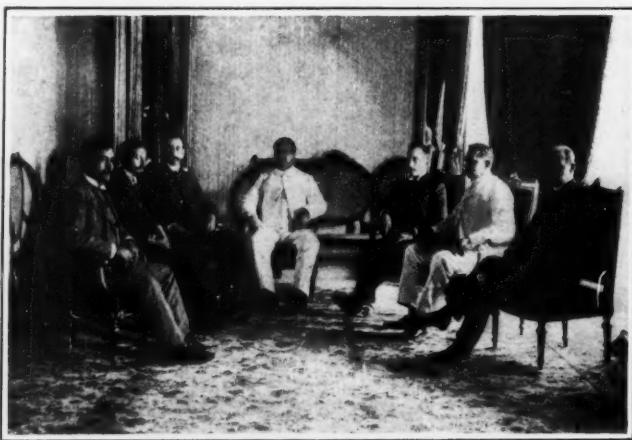
"Where it becomes necessary we have often occasion to employ the columns of the public press for a discreet advocacy of our views; this method has been found to be very efficacious, but it has also been found to be very expensive."

The impudent Hamilton statement left President McCall with no visible way of escape from his pledge to make good the fugitive's shortage in case of his continued default.

In the memorable investigation now closed the committee has heard testimony exceeding two million words. Among the witnesses who have been prevented by illness or some other reason from giving evidence are David B. Hill, Andrew Hamilton, Cornelius N. Bliss, Andrew C. Fields, and George B. Cortelyou.

THE NEW YORK TRANSIT MONOPOLY

THE TRACTION MERGER in New York is the most staggering example of high finance that has challenged the world's admiration since Mr. Morgan's Mercantile Marine creation. It seems to have been designed as a deliberate defiance to the growing sentiment for municipal ownership. The Interborough Rapid Transit Company, which owes



THE SEVERED GOVERNMENT OF SANTO DOMINGO

President Morales and the Cabinet which has driven him from his capital, as they appeared in the reception-room of the Presidential palace in happier days

ilton admitted that he might owe something to the New York Life, and offered, as an evidence of good faith, to deposit \$100,000 in trust with the company to cover anything that might be found due. He positively refused to furnish the names of any of the persons to whom he had made payments, and said that he neither would nor could give vouchers, since no vouchers had ever existed. All his transactions had been secret, and checks had been shunned like smallpox germs. His payments had been made in drafts, cash, or certificates, without acknowledgment. Secrecy had been his strong point, and in combating evil measures proposed by the people's lawmakers his chief anxiety had been to keep the people from knowing what their repre-

its existence to the investment by the city of New York of \$35,000,000 in the construction of a subway, has now acquired a complete monopoly of all the means of transit in the boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx. First it leased the elevated system for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, guaranteeing seven per cent interest on stock which had been paying four up to the previous year. Now it has swallowed the Metropolitan Securities Company, which had previously swallowed the New York City Railway, which had succeeded the Interurban Street Railway, which had leased the lines of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, which had absorbed the Third Avenue system and other lines too numerous to mention. Each of these deglutitions has been assisted by copious draughts of water. The latest is the most lavishly watered of all. Less than four years ago the bulk of the stock of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company was

issued at par. A little of it was sold to the public at 110. Under the new arrangement every holder of a \$100 share of Interborough stock will receive \$200 in four and one-half per cent bonds and \$90 in stock of the new holding company—\$190 of water for every \$100 of investment, all pumped up in four years. On this single item the inflation of securities amounts to \$66,260,000, on all of which the people of New York will be expected to pay interest. An investment of \$35,240,000 has been raised in four years to one of \$101,500,000 through the leverage of a railroad built and paid for by the city of New York. In addition the capitalists who made that investment have acquired through its means the control of all the other transportation lines in the county, with a capitalization of nearly \$300,000,000.

It is hardly surprising that these proceedings should have jarred the complacency even of the

confiding Rapid Transit Commission. That self-perpetuating body of professionally respectable citizens has always trusted implicitly heretofore to corporate virtue, and has defeated every attempt to secure legislation giving the city the power to protect itself against imposition by making its own subways in default of satisfactory bids. But now the Commission has suddenly awakened to the dangers of monopoly, and has resolved to urge the passage of a bill, such as the Elsberg bill, which until now it has always opposed, giving it the privilege of letting separate contracts for the construction and operation of new underground roads, and, if necessary, the right to operate them itself. It still cherishes a lively hope of private competition from capitalists envious of the Belmont-Ryan gold mine, but in default of that New York may find itself in a few years the proprietor of the greatest municipal transit system in the world.

Our Shabby Ambassadors

JAPAN has raised her legation at Washington to the rank of an embassy, appointing Viscount Aoki as her first Ambassador. The new Ambassador was educated in Germany and has been twice Minister to that country and twice Minister of Foreign Affairs. In the latter capacity he had Mr. Takahira, the present Minister at Washington, as an assistant. The action of Japan raises the number of ambassadors at Washington to nine, which is more than are stationed at any other capital in the world. It will naturally follow that we shall have to send a representative of corresponding rank to Tokio, as we have recently sent one to Rio de Janeiro.

This addition to our diplomatic responsibilities gives particular timeliness to the bill introduced by Representative Longworth, of Ohio, appropriating five million dollars for the purchase of sites and the construction of buildings for the permanent accommodation of our principal representatives abroad. The present condition of our embassies and legations at the chief foreign capitals is a national scandal. We pay our ambassadors and ministers much less than other foreign Powers do theirs and then compel them to pay house rent out of their own pockets, while their foreign colleagues are lodged in stately mansions provided by their governments. The result is that there is no such thing as a real "American Embassy" in any capital of Europe. Sometimes, when the ambassador is fond of display and willing to pay for it, there is a gorgeous palace, outshining the embassies of all the other Powers, and costing more in rent than the ambassador's whole salary, but it is the headquarters of an American millionaire, not of the American Republic. The next ambassador may be lodged in a flat.

Some years ago, when certain sensitive Americans were humiliated by the spectacle of the envoy of the United States waiting in an ante-room while the Ambassador from Spain or Turkey marched into a Foreign Minister's private office ahead of him, they secured the passage of a law authorizing the



VISCOUNT AOKI

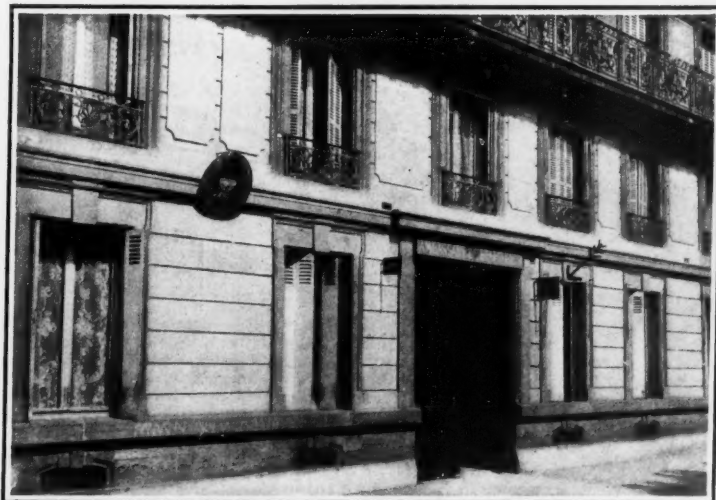
The first Ambassador of Japan to the United States. Heretofore Japan has had no representatives abroad of higher rank than ministers.

President to send ambassadors to all countries that sent representatives of the same rank to us. But to induce a prudent Congress to consent to that promotion they had to assure it that the new arrangement would not cost a cent. Notwithstanding the general increase in the cost of living, which has doubled or tripled the pay of insurance officers within that time, we pay our ambassadors to England, France, and Germany exactly what we paid our ministers to those countries twenty years ago.

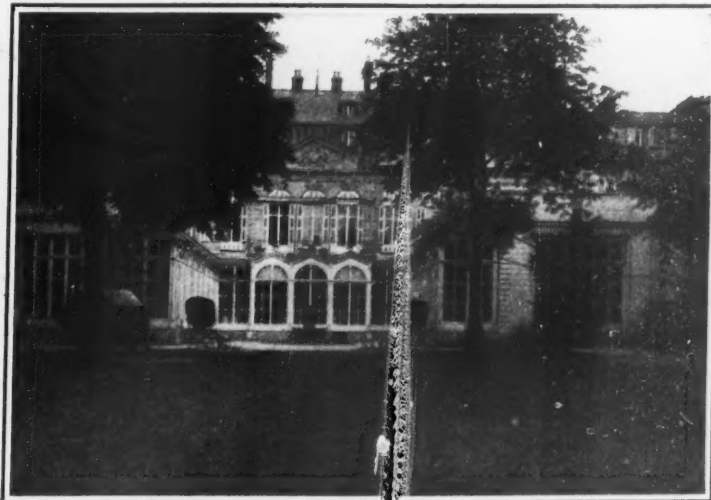
Now, it is a much more expensive thing to be an ambassador than to be a minister. No matter how simple a man's tastes may be, there are some heavy costs that he can not evade. For instance, Mr. White, our new Ambassador to Rome, has just given a reception with three thousand guests. He did not do that for his own amusement. It was obligatory. Mr. White did not even select his own guests. The Italian Government selected them for him and had an official on hand to introduce them to the Ambassador. Our Ambassador to Italy draws the munificent salary of \$12,000 a year—just \$3,000 less than is paid to each of the surrogates of the county of New York—and he pays his own house rent. If he gave his guests a dollar's worth of refreshments apiece, that feature alone of his first official reception would use up his salary for three months.

The British Ambassador at Paris has a salary of \$45,000 a year, and a palace, which, regardless of the personality of the envoy, represents the dignity of the British Government. The American Ambassador has a salary of \$17,500 and an office on the second floor of a flat-house. Being a millionaire, the present Ambassador has rented a palace at his own expense to live in, but that is not the American Embassy. The Embassy is the little suite of rooms in the Avenue Kléber, with the office of a livery stable underneath, and the Consulate-General of the Argentine Republic in a neighboring flat.

Even if our ambassadors had no house rent to pay, their salaries would still be too small to meet the demands of their position, but if they were housed in dignified national buildings, Americans would at least be freed from the humiliation of seeing the eagle of the Republic flit from one shabby perch to another. And with the assurance that his surroundings would not present a painful contrast to those of his rich predecessor, a poor man might not feel it absolutely impossible to represent his country in the most important grades of the diplomatic service.



The American Embassy

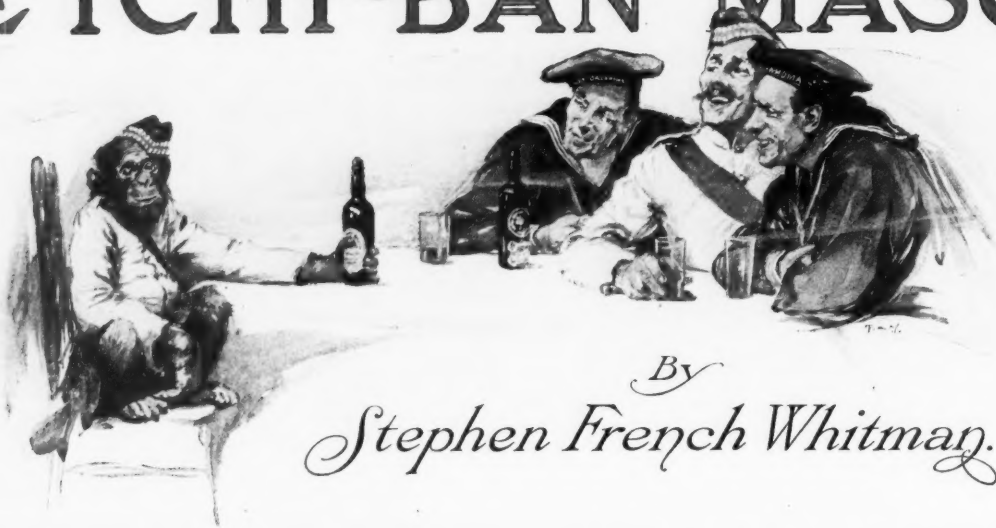


The British Embassy

HOW AMERICA AND ENGLAND TREAT THEIR AMBASSADORS AT PARIS

The British Embassy is a palace, permanently maintained by the British Government, and fit to serve as the headquarters of King Edward when he visits Paris. The American Ambassador at his own expense is an office in a flat. Its sign is over the door. Next to it, where the arrow points, is the sign of a livery stable. The escutcheon on the other side is the

THE ICHI-BAN MASCOT



By
Stephen French Whitman.

This is the third story of the series which records the strange adventures of Shorty and Patrick, bluejackets of the U. S. S. "Oklahoma." The first tale, "Sailors All," appeared in Collier's for May 6; the second, "Papeeyon," Oct. 28, 1905

WHEN she arrived the other day in New York Harbor from spring target practice, the U. S. S. *Oklahoma*, First Rate, got half a stick of space in the morning "Sun." She had won back the great guns record from the fleet at large, and her cinnamon bear mascot had died and been buried overboard, and the one-pound Hotchkiss guns in her fighting tops had all been cleared out to make way for range-finders, *à la japonaise*. That, as I remember, was all the published news, and to me it seemed very inadequate. For, before she had joined the fleet for target practice, the *Oklahoma* had been on a congenial mission in giddy foreign parts, and had seen far-off harbors blaze with gala illumination on her account, and had mingled freely with potentates; there had been, all about her stout steel sides, thrumming of guitars, laughter of Latin women, popping of rockets, and clashing of royal salutes. To be sure, the formal itinerary of this voyage of hers had already appeared in print and needed no repetition, but what wonderful, new, informal histories must be hidden now between her decks! I knew of two famous tale-spinners dwelling there who would have something to tell. Fantastic pictures of the most astonishing intimate adventure rose in my mind, and joy filled me, because I knew that I should match the most extravagant of these conceits with realities. Two nights later I did this.

For that occasion I made a rendezvous in Sands Street, which is in Brooklyn, and runs down against the big white gates of the Navy Yard. It is a street lined with faded houses, maritime in a watery way, or untidily reminiscent of far-off ports—small fly-blown Japanese restaurants, dusty sloop shops, and wretched curio stores. But on the left as you go down is a fine, big, white stone building—or, at least, a building big and fine for Sands Street—and that is the Sailors' Y. M. C. A., and there was the rendezvous.

When I arrived there, about seven o'clock in the evening, a little clump of jackies stood on the bright steps, in the inimitable limp pose of their kind, chewing toothpicks. From within came a cheerful clatter of dishes. It was a still, warm night, and the air was full of echoing summer-night noises—children's shrill cries, a street piano's meagre rattle, the splutter of an overhead trolley, the hollow ripple of heavy boots on stone, for there was a thin stream of men coming up from the Yard—workmen from the shops and six-o'clock liberty men from the ships. Presently, out of this thin stream, rolled briskly Shorty, my seaman of the battleship *Oklahoma*, looking in his loose blue perfectly fresh and fit and clean and cool, as was his habit, and impudently pleasant, as was his custom. He wasted little time on greeting, being, as I could see very well, full of suppressed, malicious joy.

"I've just saw a very disgustin' sight," he said, catching me by the arm, "very disgustin'. D'ye care to be nauziated—would ye like your stummick toined for ye? Lookie here, then."

He led me over to one of the open lower windows of the Y. M. C. A. building. Inside, alone at a table, facing us, but unconscious of any observation, sat a long, lean, sandy Irishman in blue. He was devouring solemnly great wedges of strawberry shortcake, and raising to his freckled, melancholy face, from time to time, a goblet of milk. As he made play with these viands, he seemed, fantastically enough, mostly moving mouth jumping Adam's apple and red and bony hands.

"Ahar!" remarked Shorty in a hollow, carrying voice. "The solitary deebauchee! The coarse, unblushin' roo!"

"Roud," I suggested, *sotto voce*.

"The coarse, unblushin' rooyay!" distinctly repeated Shorty, with an unctuous smack.

The man inside looked up from his plate, cocked his head, and stared at us vacantly. Slowly over his working countenance spread recognition.

"Well, I'm damned!" exclaimed Patrick, seaman gunner, thickly through his shortcake.

"Yah!" howled Shorty, leaping and waving his arms, "cussin' an' damnin' in the Y. M. C. A.! Shame!

Shame! Have him out! Where's the devil-dodgin' deck officer?"

Patrick got up and calmly lounged out of the dining-room. In a moment he joined us outside. Shaking hands with me and entirely ignoring his shipmate, he said sweetly: "A very pritty evenin', sor. Observe them stars, them 'spangled an' innum'able jools o' heaven.' It'd be a dizzy night entirely along the Isezak'cho—only, bein' daylight there the now, ye'd largely lose the effect, I'm thinkin'."

"All polite—O!" from Shorty, pug nose tilted. "Strawberries an' milk an' a lisp. You dam' ol' hairy May-party!"

Patrick continued to look at me. "Do I hear a shqueakin'?" he inquired pleasantly. "Did yez bring that white bull-pup, then—Ah! Ye should fetch a chair along, Shorty, me fine little squideen, for to shtand on when yez wish to be noticed."

Shorty chuckled gently. "You ol' effete milk-swallayer," he said affectionately, linking arms with his friend. Then, suddenly: "Well, wot's the course?"

"It's only forty minutes to the Island—"

"An' there goes the car. Full speed does it!"

We chased an open trolley-car over rough cobbles and scrambled into its back seat. There we made ourselves very comfortable on the small of our backs and sighed happily, amid much smoke. The hot, stale night breeze caught that smoke cloud—its elements were black twist, canteen cigar, and Turkish tobacco—and blew it out on the back platform, where suddenly rose exclamations of astonishment and profanity, and, perhaps, of admiration at our hardihood.

Finally I asked at large: "And how's the Happy Ship?"

"Ye may have heard somethin' of a record?" chirruped Patrick, with the calmness of great pride. I nodded.

"'Twas our turret," said he blissfully, "an' our—an' Collins's gun. An' firin', for the minute, widout the smoke blower goin'. Consequently, after lammin' out the firrurst shot, as luck would have it, comes a broth of a flare-back an' burns the livin' shimmy from Collins where he stood. An' very well for us the second cartridge was stuck half-way up the hoist. 'Holy Murder!' yells Collins, smackin' his head down on the plates, 'I'm lit to a crisp! Take the gun, Patrick!' So I takes the gun, an', whish! prisintly comes a dirty-faced left'nant wrigglin' into the turret on his buttons, cryin' out: 'The record's gone; ye've shot it to pieces!'"

I shook his big paw.

"And was Collins jealous?" I asked.

"Him? Next day he comes out o' the hospital, packed in absorbin' cotton, an' before all the gun-deck I thought he would 'a' kissed me; an' be the same token, I would be after soakin' a warrant officer on sick list."

"You've lost the bear, too, I hear."

"Who—little Archibaldus Fleachaser? Why, Archie done his dyin' stunt when we were in the Meditheranean; that's ancient history you're steppin' into now. We've had an' lost another mascot since him."

Shorty, on my other side, suddenly wriggled with delight.

"Patrick," he murmured huskily, "I'm a-goin' to tell him that one, which he will not believe."

"About Charles MacTavish Noble?"

"Nothin' less. About him an' the Gordons at Gibraltar, an' likewise the Spanitch King at Cadiz. An' he will have me for a bigger liar than ever, for all it's the naked truth."

"I will believe every word," I remonstrated, suppressing all excitement; "but who was Charles MacTavish Noble?"

"He was our mascot after little Archie. For one week we had him, an' dam' near he come to plugin' us into war wit' two separate for'n powers respectfully. Ye would not believe that we seen a Highlander regiment ready to swim aboard us wit' their bay'nits in their teet', on his account. An' as for the Spanitch King—"

Shorty snorted and clapped his hand over his mouth, hiding a most astonishing facial convulsion.

"The Spanitch King comes aboard," he gasped. "Pipes to quarters; eight side-boys an' all the gold lace on the ship at the gangway; them four-six bar-bette guns bangin' a salute, an' the band beatin' it out aft—but, Patrick, d'ye remember the unrehoised particulars o' that reception?"

The ghost of a smile glimmered on Patrick's sandy face. Shorty plugged the charred tobacco into the bottom of his pipe and lighted it anew; then, sliding far down in his seat, he began the tale of Charles MacTavish Noble.

"We come from Naples to Marseilles, and from there to Gibraltar. Ever in Naples? I was in Naples all of an evenin', an' the streets is disgustin'ly rough for poor, tired feet. Likewise I was at Marseilles, but there was no liberty there; the most I seen of that place was a bunch of big stone docks an' a lady in yaller tights, on the end o' one o' them, tyin' herself into half-hitches, on a chunk of carpet."

"What!" I cried involuntarily.

"Ye see, Patrick, he had me fer a liar a'ready, an' I have not laid tongue yet to that there ship's mascot scandal. I tell yer, she was kinkin' herself up into half-hitches an' bowline knots on the end o' the dock, wit' a crowd watchin', an' she had on yaller tights; for, says I to Harah, eyein' her out o' the same port—"

"You mean she was a contorsioniste?"

"Well, I'm usually some leary o' callin' names, particularly where the fair sect's consigned, but—"

"Whisht!" murmured Patrick, suddenly sitting up and opening his eyes, "get on to Gibraltar, Don Wan, an' omit that there feminyne scenery, ong route."

"Ho! Don Wan, hey? I remember, now, when Patrick here was lallygaggin' about in Eastern waters, they was a very handsome chawcolate Maniler belle come down on a stringpiece one day, smokin' a seegar, an' lookin' over the liberty parties for her husband—her red-headed, flannel-mout', double-faced husband, says she. An' Patrick, bein' towed ashore in a woikin' boat, when he puts eye to her he lies down in the bottom—"

A big, freckled hand reached swiftly across me from the other side and seized Shorty by his neckerchief.

"As I was sayin'," shouted Shorty hastily, "when we come to Gibraltar—"

Patrick let go and sank down in his seat with a grunt, triumphantly exuding smoke.

"When we come to Gibraltar," Shorty resumed chastely, "they was three Bridish cruisers an' about half a hun' red torpedo-boats wallowin' inside the breakwater. Comp'ny manners we kep', and the cox'ns o' the runnin' boats all wore out standin' an' touchin' caps at the English, passin' by in their cutters. We had the Cap'n o' the *Hercules* aboard, an' the Cap'n o' the *Caligular*, an' the Cap'n o' the *Moir-cury*—but hell, that's no proper name for a ship; that's a medicine. Hows'mever, they boards us, an' Ol' Particular, takin' his cock' hat out o' tin, he boards 'em, wit' every ceremony, an' Patrick an' me goes ashore that evenin', an' inhales the scenery up an' down the Alamedar, whilst a red band plays an' the goils goes clickin' by on their high heels, wit' combs a foot high stuck into their back hair. Them goils! Ah! Gawd save us, wot lamps!"

"There, now," remarked Patrick dryly to me, "if there's a girrl widin sight of a tale o' Shorty's here, he will drag 'er into it an' go on wheezin' over 'er like a force draft. 'What lamps,' says he! Faix, what mitts, he'd be better sayin'—a good smack on the jaw he took off one of 'em that evenin', the giddy, sawed-off flirt!"

"I only asked her the time o' evenin'!" cried Shorty, passionately.

"Thru for you; but how? 'I ask ye,' says he wid a smirk, 'because I see very well ye've got your clocks wid yez.'"

"Wit' weemin, a bold an' dashin' air," muttered Shorty, evidently quoting from somewhere, in limp extenuation. . . . "But, as I was goin' to say: Whilst blowin' up and down the Alamedar, we meets three

sodgermen in skoits—Highlanders, Gordons—very snappy lookin' men, wit' white shammy jackets an' gaiters an' bare knees an' dinky little caps, hangin' over an ear. Good mixers, them Gordons; ten seconds after borryin' a light off 'em we were sneakin' up on a drink, five abreast. . . .

"What's that street where the Pipes an' Drums march through at sundown?" queried Patrick drowsily. "A street full of ondacent little garglin' parlors; some three hundred an' chu, I should say, startin' at one end an' emergin' at the other—if possible."

"The foist of 'em, at any rate, was runnin' over wit' Gordons," said Shorty, "an' wit' them was Charles MacTavish Noble."

"It was a dinky little wine shop, ye see, Caffy de Bombar—I noticed goin' in—full o' smoke an' kilts, an' in the midst o' the kilts, all hunched up in a chair, sits a small hairy gorillar in the Gordons' uniform. Ast Patrick. The only thing on oth as black as him was the galley flue. So, says I, comin' up: 'W'y, if there ain't Charlie Noble!' 'He is not,' says a big Scotchman, wit' a jaw like a horse; 'his name is MacTavish.' 'His name is Charles MacTavish Noble,' says I, 'an' I should know, for I've got his own cousin here wit' me—!'"

"Another crack like that—" warned Patrick, gazing steadily with half-shut eyes past me at Shorty. Shorty stealthily moved a little further away.

"We sits down among the Gordons," he continued, "an' between sips we hears the hist'ry o' little Charlie. He was caught, hoppin' an' slippin' across the spine o' the Rock, in his only infancy, by a Red Batt'ry. The Red Batt'ry trained him up to be a fine, manly little feller, wearin' breeches an' gettin' ballerino whenever he could lay hand to a bottle o' beer, an' devourin' black tobacco like a youman Christian. When the Red Batt'ry took ship to go back, little Charlie was missin' an' they sailed wit'out him, damnin' back over the taffrail at the Gordons an' swearin' they'd pinched him; which they had, at that, breeches, bad habits, an' all; an' when nex' he appears to public view he comes flouncin' forth in kilts an' a so-vice cap, as mascot to them Highlanders. An' so he'd stayed to the night we met up wit' them."

"I wisht ye could 'a' seen him, sittin' all bunched up on his chair in that there shop, in the midst o' them big, sandy Gordons, wit' his black paw coiled around a bottle o' Bass, lookin' about as mournful as Patrick, here, under stoppage o' pay. 'There's a little feller,' says I to myself, 'an' *ichi-ban* mascot—a number one mascot—that makes our late Archie look rotten.' An' wit' that, a feelin' crawls over me that I could swipe Charles MacTavish Noble wit' the most volup'chus relish."

"We got no end pleasant wit' the Gordons—Patrick an' me—very pleasant an' musical. The Gordons sings a song called 'Pi-broch o' Corriehie,' an' Patrick sings 'em 'Mavourneen Delish,' an' I oblige wit' 'Mollie.' Then we had a speech off Charles MacTavish Noble's chap'ron—him wit' the jaw like a horse—prayin' for war. Then we all lays back an' puts our arms around each other's necks, an' sings 'London Town,' an' little Charlie joins in wit' a whistlin' an' choipin' that Patrick mistakes for the bos'n pipin' down—an' so he starts to pull off his shoes. The nex' ye know, a sea breeze was fannin' us wise, an' we was scufflin' down the most cobblesome street that was ever laid out in front of a pair of weak legs. They was only four of us: they was Patrick an' me an' the big horse-jawed Gordon locked together, an' little Charlie Noble taggin' behind, bein' yanked along by the paw like any bow-legged kid out walkin' wit' a diss'lute parent, an' well ashamed of 'im."

"At the bottom o' that street lies a sea-wall, an' away out beyond the sea-wall I sees a little string o' shroud lights, high up in the dark, winkin': 222, 222, III, 3; 222, 222, III, 3, et cet'rar. 'Patrick,' says I to him, 'the *acu*-men o' them dam' little signal boys is disgustin'—waitin' for you an' me to heave in sight o' them Ardoises an' then callin' the last boat back. You an' me have broke liberty by that.'"

"Forgit it," says the big Gordon, rockin' about an' tryin' to light a seegar in the middle. "I don't doubt there's a patrol lookin' for me an' MacTavish here, but d'ye see any poils o' grief a-gemmin' o' me eyes? MacTavish's face ain't visibly distorted wit' grief, is it? Take a look. *We* ain't distoibed; let 'em come. The sooner, the better; I want 'em to see this here jag before it's wore off any. D'ye know, I ruther liked that feller."

"Says Patrick: 'Well enough for him, but I got good conduct badges to lose. Let's take a chance; skidoo for the landin', wherever it lies. Ol' Barelegs here'll guide us, won't youse, Sandy?' 'Sure,' says the big Gordon, 'I'll guide youse fine.' An' wit' that he starts off, whoopin' an' boundin', little Charlie bumpin' the cobbles at the end of his arm an' us clatterin' behind. I'll bet that was the neat procession, looked at in cold blood."

"Slammin' around a coive, the big Gordon slips up,

like a house fallin', an' takes it on his chin. As for little Charlie, he flies over his guarden's head, most spectacular, an' sits down hard, some ways on, wit' his kilts up under his arms. 'For'd, lads, an' at 'em!' wheezes the big Gordon, wagglin' his hands up at us, where he lay. 'Folley the pipes, but harkee, don't forget to tell the stretchers o' me whereabouts.'"

"Peerin' down the street, I sees the landin'; Patrick was off after it a'ready, when he stops half-way, to see what was keepin' me. I had a-bolt o' little Charles by the paw an' he was slidin' along after me over the cobbles, still sittin' down an' actin' very reluctant."

"'Wot's eatin' yer?' yells Patrick back. 'Here's the launch yet; drop him an' run.' 'He says he's comin' aboard,' I shouts, givin' little Charlie a yank that near took his arm off. 'He says he's sick o' bein' corrup'd by these yere red-necked Scotch balley-dancers, an' wishes to be a battleship mascot, among his equals.' I gives Charlie another jerk that discouraged him wit' sittin' down, an' the next minute he comes wit' me at a gallop. We pounded down on the landin' just as Carol, cox'n o' the runnin' crew, was makin' off."

"'Gawd save us!' howls Carol, duckin' behind the wheel. 'Wot's that wit' you?' 'He's a mascot,' says I, heaven' him aboard, 'a poivect gent, an' his ancestors was kings in County Antrim, just like Patrick's.' 'He'll never be allowed,' says Carol, jerkin' the wheel. 'He should not be on this launch, neither. You'll be redoiced, Shorty; you're in liquor; I can smell it from here.' 'Ye wisht ye had it yourself,' says I. 'As for Charles MacTavish Noble, he shall go aboard wit' permission, an' presently he shall be enrolled, all regular. Mascots amuses the men, says the Skip, an' must be bore. He's no end more respectable than little Archibaldus, at that; I ain't seen him scratch hisself onct since I met him.' 'Very well,' says Carol, lookin' at me an' lickin' his lips. 'Ye see, he was anticipatin' trouble. An' not so dam' wrong at that.'"

"We come alongside the ship in silence. Ye'll recollect, abaft o' the ladder there's a string o' sea-steps runs up the side, past one o' the gun-ports on the gun-

"Ye take the woid out o' me mout'. . . . To re-soome. . . ."

"The Division Officer caught me half in me ham-mick. 'What's this here,' he says, 'about a gorillar aboard?' I tells him how I found little Charlie hangin' around the landin', very onwee, an' considerin' him to be the poivect picture of a mascot, brings him out. Likewise, how he climbs in through the gun-deck port, most irregular, before I'd got permission for him. 'He ain't to be found,' says the Division Officer, lookin' at me very stern. 'He's at large on this here ship, an' in hidin'. Your actions is very unusual,' says he, 'not to say *spiritus frumenti*, an' to-morrow mornin' I shall take pleasure in makin' Ol' Particular's eyes stick out wit' all this—!'"

"He said that?"

"Hell, no; I'm tonin' down his langwudge. Those woids is mine; his was simply disgustin'."

"Say, would youse believe it—little Charlie was clean evaporated, from the minute he crawls into the ship! No one on the gun-deck seen him then or after. You know wot a chancet a guy would have sneak in nothin' on a battleship, an' how did little Charlie do it? In the mornin' the whole ship was wise that we should have a mascot some'eres, but where? On me woid, the *Oklahomar* was beat for him from funnels to double bottom; the clinkers shifted about ten tons in the bunkers, the engineers went peerin' about the woids of her wit' wrenches for defence, an' the Fifth Division was actooly unlockin' an' investigatin' magazines and shell-rooms—them bein' the last places where no one had looked. Ol' Particular sits up behind his cut-glass ink bottles, in private, an' chews his whiskers. 'My Gawd!' says he—so I been told—'this here can't be a battleship—it's a dam' pantomime theater. A gorillar hidin' aboard, now! He'll starve an' expire, an' the quarantine officers'll come an' boot us out into open sea.' 'We'll coitinly find him then, sir, howsom-ever,' says the Navigator, soft but hopeful. 'Who is this knockabout clown that brought him aboard?' barked the Skip. 'Aha! I know him! An' this ain't the foist time! But I'm a-goin' to make it the last, if I have to bury him! Nicely spoke an' very comfortin' to Shorty, I'm sure."

"Cunnion, the mail ord'ly, goes ashore that mornin' an' meets a big Gordon in a quiet place near the post-office. 'Where's MacTavish, ye thief in the night?' says the Gordon, an' hands Cunnion a black eye that he brings back an' airs as Exhibit A in the causes for internash'nal war. Five Kilts come down on the landin' an' dances on it, coisin' the foist runnin' crew that touches there. 'Where's that big, bright-red Irishman,' they whoops, 'an' that handsome, intelligent-looking little fellow called Shorty? Send 'em ashore, till we do a fling on the pits o' their stummicks—youse dam', blue, teeterin', double-faced pirates, youse!' Carol, comin' back, reports on it. 'The *entente corjalle*,' says he, 'is astonishin'."

"Another day we stayed there, an' I'm told—I was in retirement for smackin' Carol—that it was no end vivacious. Patrick, here, toined himself into a you-man extra; every time he comes below he sneaks up by the door o' the brig, an' passes the latest through the air-holes. 'Scrubbin' sails an' boat covers, topside,' he'd say—an' four Gordons in a dingy alongside, coisin' up wit' woids I never hoid before. It's an education. . . . Carol was ambushed on the landin' an' soaked wit' a volley o' stale lemons—he's as sickenin' a sight as ever you seen. I'm thinkin' it means war. . . . The Skip is pertendin' to look for structural weakenin' in the hull—but we know dam' well he thinks little Charlie's lurkin' there. . . . A lieutenant's gone ashore to the Gordons' officers' quarters to swear on the Book they shall have little Charlie the minute he's laid hand to. . . . Fatty Mullins is in the sick bay, havin' the doc' stick rods up his nose to straighten it—*he's* just back from the beach."

"Nex' mornin' we left—an' little Charlie still invisible! Can ye beat that? You or me couldn't hide half an hour on the *Oklahomar*. So where t'ell would little Charlie keep hisself? The Skip gives up; the wardroom says he's swum ashore, for he can't be aboard, the ship havin' been done wit' a fine-toot' comb. So Ol' Particular puts it up to the British Army to find him on their own premises, an' we does likewise, an' so sails away, leavin' a line o' Gordons hoppin' along the sea-wall, wavin' their fists after us an' roarin' into the wind like so many hyenars."

"So we goes north, an' presently arrives at the charmin' port o' Cadiz. . . . By which time I was at large again—"

"An' very popular," interjected Patrick, dryly. "Yeh; there was Mullins, and Cunnion blamin' their noses an' black eyes on me—likewise whoever else'd suffered vi'lence ashore, I was the one had it took out of him. Howsom-ever—avoidin' details—"

"We come to Cadiz. Needless to say, I didn't noticeably go ashore. I seen *my* Cadiz offen the deck, but



"Slidin' along after me over the cobbles, sittin' down an' actin' very reluctant"

Drawn by F. C. Yohn

deck? 'Slidin' past 'em all of a suddint, little Charlie whips out from between me legs wit' a squeak, takes the rail wit'out touchin', goes swingin' up them sea-steps, an' pops head foist in through the gun-deck port—all before I had time to make a pass at him."

"Now, then," says Carol, smirkin' at me. 'It's me unpleasant dooty to report this here, on touchin' the deck. A gorillar at large in the gun-deck, sir, brought by Shorty, that is, by Number Two-one-o-five, against the oigent advice o' the cox'n, sir.' He irritated me, that Carol, an' I handed him a little poke—just one; but it knocked him upside-down in the cox'n's box. An' Jimmy Legs seen it from topside. I don't recollect the time, before that, when I been at a loss for woids."

"I do," remarked Patrick, opening one eye. "But it was not intentional, I don't think."

"When was that?" Shorty, off his guard, inquired. "He ain't tight," quoted Patrick laconically; 'I seen his hand move.'"

"Believe nothin' ye hear from him," from Shorty, wagging his head at me earnestly. "He's a reputation-smasher—an icko—an icko—"

"Iconoclast?"

judgin' from the samples that come out in boats, with gitters, singin' 'Besos y Pesos' an' makin' up eyes, it was somethin' of a resort.

"Now, by some chance, the King o' Spain was in Cadiz simultaneous, on the protected cruiser *Don Wan de Vera*, half a mile in. The second mornin', all at onct the *Oklahomar* begun to crawl wit' business; it was Sata-day—inspect bags an' beddin'—but it was forgot that an' tumble out an' go crazy wit' brass rags an' bronzin' flood—an' the four-six barrette guns greasy wit' attention, an' the signal boys draggin' the flag-lockers for a Spanitch ens'n. So by this and that we knew well who we'd have aboard.

"The crew toins into blue—full marine guard, et cet-er—an' the ward-room begins to show gold lace. The Cap'n's ord'ly, goin' back to the marine country to primp, says he, passin' by: 'There's typhoons in Ol' Particular's cabin. His best cock' hat's gone an' his dress pants is split up the back most mysterious, an' that Jap valley is gettin' his. But who the Hades'd go an' swipe a cock' hat off the Skip or split his pants? Everybody's gettin' that bug, from the Skip down. Look at Cookie, shoutin' that all his buns was pinched overnight out o' the galley! An' Mulligan, complainin' yesterday that the canteen lock's broke an' a bunch o' pies an' plug tobaccers stole! Wot d'they think this here is, anyhow—a floatin' reformatory?"

"I says nothin', bein' suddenly hit wit' a thought that made me quite sick to me stummick.

"By an' by, all bein' arranged an' tidy, the bos'n pipes quarters. The Spanitch flag flies at the main-truck, the band stands aft, lollin' on their horns, an' the side-boys was at the gangway, a-wipin' their noses wit' bashfulness. Ol' Particular straddles down in his second-best cock' hat, an' the wardroom followin'. A bunch o' silence ensued. . . .

"Acrost the water comes a barge effect, an' the King o' Spain sittin' up in the sheets, all twiddlin' in the sun, wit' medals like a pawnshop winder. But Shorty was lookin' straight an' glassy at Ol' Particular's second-best cock' hat all the time, an' for some reason me stummick was 'way down in me heels. 'Shorty,' says I to me-self, 'I got a hunch somethin' horrible is goin' to happen. I can feel it just as plain—'

"Zing-g-g! goes the first four-six.

The band cuts loose, the side-boys gives their noses a farewel wipe, the Skip chucks himself into his uniform. An' up the ladder comes the Spanitch King.

"Take me woid for it, it was a very solemn scene. I'll leave it to Patrick. The whole dam' ship froze at attention, savin' Ol' Partic., who advances on his toes an' does his dip. The Spanitch King—say, he'd be just the young feller for the undertakin' business, he's got that face—the young King o' Spain, I tell yer, taps his hat an' shakes. A heluva solemn scene. Ask Patrick. A chunk o' history—the war forgot an' friends onct more, an' all that. . . .

"An' then, lookin' acrost at the row opposite, I sees Fatty Mullins gapin' up over me head into the air, like he seen somethin' horrible up there; an' then I sees Carrol, nex' to him, look up an' go green all over his mug, an' then the whole row acrost from me looks up an' drops their jaws. Then the marine guard looks up an' wobbles their guns, an' the side-boys looks up an' groans out loud, an' at that the wardroom, the Skip, the Spanitch King, an' me looks up, wit' our eyes



"Leanin' over the edge of the fightin'-top o' the mainmast, regardin' us"

Drawn by F. C. Vehn

hangin' out on our face an' not a sound out o' the len'th an' brea'th o' the battleship *Oklahomar*, savin' Patrick, standin' half-way to the bridge, cryin' out 'Holy!' all at once. . . .

"Leanin' over the edge of the fightin'-top o' the mainmast, regardin' us, as blazay an' as sad as ever you seen, was Charles MacTavish Noble. He was wearin' Ol' Particular's best cock' hat stuck over one ear, an' one sleeve o' his shammy Gordon's jacket, an' nothin' else on oith. He had a lump in his face from half a plug of tobaccers an' his whiskers was full o' canteen pie.

"There wasn't a stir out o' the whole ship—just a gapin' up at Charles MacTavish Noble. He looks down, like a swell guy takin' notice o' a lot o' hogs, an' then, impidently leanin' one elbow on the edge an' knockin' Ol' Particular's hat foither over his ear, he delib'rately sticks out his tongue at the King o' Spain!"

"Shorty!" I cried.

"Ask Patrick," said Shorty calmly.

"Very well," I said firmly, turning to the long seaman gunner.

"Would yez hear the trut', then?" Patrick inquired, heaving himself up and staring past me at Shorty, stonily and revengefully. "Well, then, he's a—"

"I ain't!" roared Shorty, drowning out his voice.

"I don't want to hear," I said then to Patrick. "Intrinsically, it's enough. I choose to believe that Charles MacTavish Noble stuck out his tongue at the King of Spain. But afterward?"

"In a crate," began Patrick absently, "neatly addressed—"

"Gawd save us!" Shorty piped. "D'ye want more? Ain't *that* wot you'd call a situation? Don't ask us to spoil that! Besides, wot a thing to have happen on our ship! Drawer a veil! Drawer a veil!" But a persistent desire to know the extent of Shorty's capabilities, at the expense of disillusionment, made me turn again to Patrick. He was staring ahead into the soft indigo night, to where, under a mellow, tremulous, far-extending nimbus, great, fantastic twists of architecture blazed as though built all of white fire.

"Patrick—"

"There she lies," murmured Patrick, sucking his teeth in aesthetic joy. "Ah—yez were sayin'?"

"That story—"

"Well—" he glanced at Shorty, and then slowly over his homely face spread a sweet Irish smile, entirely forgiving.

"He's a fait'ful histhorian o' the Happy Ship," said Patrick, "fait'ful though prolific, an' accurate though—ah—fer-tyl—am I right?"

"Good," I said, "but afterward?"

"Have youse still the heart to spoil it!" protested Shorty plaintively. "Leave him there! Hell! I like a climax to my stories—any one would, with a—literary instink!"

So, abashed, I left Charles MacTavish Noble lolling over the edge of the *Oklahomar's* fighting-top, sticking out his tongue at the King of Spain. With the cool salt breeze, flavored by sea and fields, blowing in our faces, we slid swiftly from gloom to light, and at length into the throbbing, glittering white heart of the Island.

"Ah bah them histories!" cried Shorty briskly, springing down on the ground and hitching up his trousers. "Who'd tell 'em when he's got the chancet to make 'em? Come on! Let's take an' stand thishere place on one end." . . .

COMING BACK AT THE PRESIDENT

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON TOPICS OF NATIONAL INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE

By FREDERICK PALMER

RUNNING a country without a king was a new experiment. Our forefathers had to look sharp to their checks and balances. One of their provisions was against popular impulse being enacted into law on short notice. This we have so improved upon that it now means that the people shall have time to forget a politician's pre-election promises before he is called upon to fulfil them.

For example, the House of Representatives which was chosen a year ago last November went into session thirteen months later. Meanwhile, we have witnessed the fall of Port Arthur, the peace conference, the insurance investigation, the rise and decline of Tom Lawson, the Jerome triumph and the Hearst outbreak, and some of us have had the measles and the typhoid and recovered.

In the present House, the Republican majority is so big as to be unwieldy. Its size is due to Theodore Roosevelt. But for his popularity the Republicans would have lost control of Congress. In keeping with that good old political tenet, "If you are good to me I will be good to you," it would seem natural that all Republican members should be Roosevelt men. But they are not, although they may join in the chorus when their constituents shout for him.

This article aims to give the "inside view" candidly. The sum of the criticisms I heard in Washington I have put in quotations for effect. The names of my numerous authorities I do not give. They asked me not to give them at the same time that they asked me to express their opinions.

"The President's methods are chaotic," they say. "He is demagogic and theatric. He is a politician. Al-

though he is supposed to be the leader of his party in practical politics, he does not lead, and his position is such that no one else rises to lead. In short, he is wrecking his party. We owe Hearstism and all other like manifestations of political and national insecurity to the infection of his method and his personality.

"He is personal, autocratic, and inconsiderate. The way he stands by his friends is wholly inconsistent with the ideals which he expresses. Witness Paul Morton. He is wanting in the qualities of constructive statesmanship and switches from one objective to another before he arrives at the first. You will see that if he gets any rate legislation it will be of the most attenuated order, and that pure food, freer trade with the Philippines, and other reforms which he demands will never be made into law.

"Cleveland stands for the gold standard, McKinley for the Spanish War. Not one great accomplishment is associated with Theodore Roosevelt's name. He will go out of office discredited, and as a President he will rank with Pierce, Buchanan, and Johnson." (The Democrats add Hayes's name to the list.)

Some Things That Are Said

All of this was surprising, not to say disconcerting, to one who had just come from abroad, where he had become used to felicitations on his country's good fortune in having such a great President.

When, as an outsider seeking for information, I asked about Cuban reciprocity, the settlement of the coal strike, the peace compact, the creation of a navy of a size and efficiency compatible with our interests,

the bringing of the Canal Zone under our control and the inauguration of the work in the face of the railroad lobby, the improvement of our diplomatic and consular service, the impulse to our prestige abroad and higher ideals at home, I was told that there would have been peace and a big navy and the purchase of the Canal, anyway.

As for the Canal, many Republicans expect yet to bury the Roosevelt reputation in it. His demand for more power was popular, and they have given him more in the hope that he might hang himself, and his and not the party's would be the blame for failure. And didn't McKinley first propose Cuban reciprocity? All that Roosevelt did was to fight for two sessions to have it made a law. And who passed the law? Congress. As for ideals, he has taught Americans not to vote a straight ticket, and made room for Hearst and others. His settlement of the coal strike was plainly unconstitutional, because everybody knows that the coal strike was never mentioned in the Constitution. Nothing is clearer, then, that no one particular great thing is associated with the President's name. It is a case of many or none.

The average Republican looks back regretfully to McKinley, who never scolded you for a bad recommendation when you asked him to appoint a man, but thanked you gravely for the information and gravely took the matter into consideration. But everybody on the "inside" knew that Uncle Mark knew who would get the job. Now only Roosevelt knows, and sometimes he does not make up his mind till the last moment. Uncle Mark stood by his friends. Witness Rathbone. Roosevelt stands by Paul Morton and

Bishop. Uncle Mark was a politician. The contention that Roosevelt is also a politician seems to be proved. The point that is made against him is that he is not a politician according to Hoyle; that he has a set of rules of his own which he revises every day to suit his mood.

How is he wrecking the party? Because the strength of the party depends upon his personal popularity and not upon the popularity of the party as a whole. The average member wants to "line up" on somebody with a view to that somebody's future success which will bring him a personal reward. Who is to follow Roosevelt as leader? One day his action is construed to mean a certain man, the next day it is construed to mean another. There is no one near enough to him to be sure what he is going to do. Some men have thought that they were, and when they found out that they were not, if they knew a newspaper man intimately, they did a little "knocking" on their own account. This is chaos. McKinley put his power in the hands of Uncle Mark, and thus you knew just where he stood. You were one of the "insiders" if you lined up with Uncle Mark. Now there is no "inside."

If the public has had a year to forget the pre-election promises of 1904, there are still eight months in which to forget the Congressional deeds of this winter. Many of the new members do not expect to be returned anyway. The President having made himself rather than the party popular, there is a feeling among Republicans that as a party the Republicans have little chance to win at the next Presidential election, possibly not at the Congressional election next fall. Therein lies the manifestation of "national and political insecurity."

Are you to have a vast majority, with no privilege except to vote for disagreeable legislation by order from the White House? If so, what is the use of winning, anyway? You are in the same position as if you lost, without having a Democrat's good excuse to make to your constituents. For still another session is to pass without any "pork barrel." The strong men of the House and the Senate stand for economy. By curtailing his navy programme, and by the use of his influence in other channels, the President is making good the retrenchment he advocated in his message. But the leaders of the Senate do not mind passing their troubles on to the President's shoulders, and Uncle Joe Cannon can scarcely resist a wink and a nod which will turn the resentment against the cheese-paring toward the occupant of the White House rather than the occu-

pant of the Speaker's chair. The game in Washington is complex, and many of those who think they are engineers are only cogs and wheels.

When the President said he would not run again, the delighted public saw him in the safe position where his acts would be removed from all suspicion of political motives. Every day weakens him with Congress by lessening the number of political favors which he has at future disposal. Patronage is the one thing that makes the quotation of Congressional views confidential. Like hawks, the President's enemies watch for the first sign of the waning of his popularity. Every time a Democratic member criticises the Administration, the Republicans put their ears to the ground to hear the effect on the country. If the country rumbles back, "Hurrah for Teddy!" Senator Elkins immediately announces how hard he is working on a rate bill.

The "insiders" tell you that the President must come forward next autumn and use all his political magic to keep the House Republican; otherwise, he can not carry through his policies. After that the Republicans may talk openly instead of confidentially against him. They hope to put an end forever to what they call "the Roosevelt hurrah" and re-establish the party on the old stable lines.

The Third Chamber Does the Business

The Third Chamber is wholly in sympathy with the inside view of the Senate and Representatives. This body chamber is neither Republican nor Democratic, being above partisanship. It has the advantage over the Senate, in that it does not require election even by a vote of a State Legislature. Any hour of the day you may see the members of the Third Chamber with their heads together in the lobby of one of the hotels. They have the quiet and unostentatious manner of a true House of Lords. No vulgar shouting and playing to the gallery, such as is in vogue at the White House.

"You think he is safe, eh?"—"And how about S—?"—"Teddy told him that, hm-m-m!"—"I think we can block that game by getting X— to bring in an amendment." And so on the debate runs without putting the country to the expense of a press gallery or printing the speeches in the "Record."

Among the speakers you recognize corporation attorneys and their men, who have had such an access of patriotic desire that they are obeying the law by stop-

ping the issue of passes to the families and friends of Congressmen. They are educators, not agitators. They will teach a Congressman his lesson so well that he will speak of the gratitude the country owes to its great corporations.

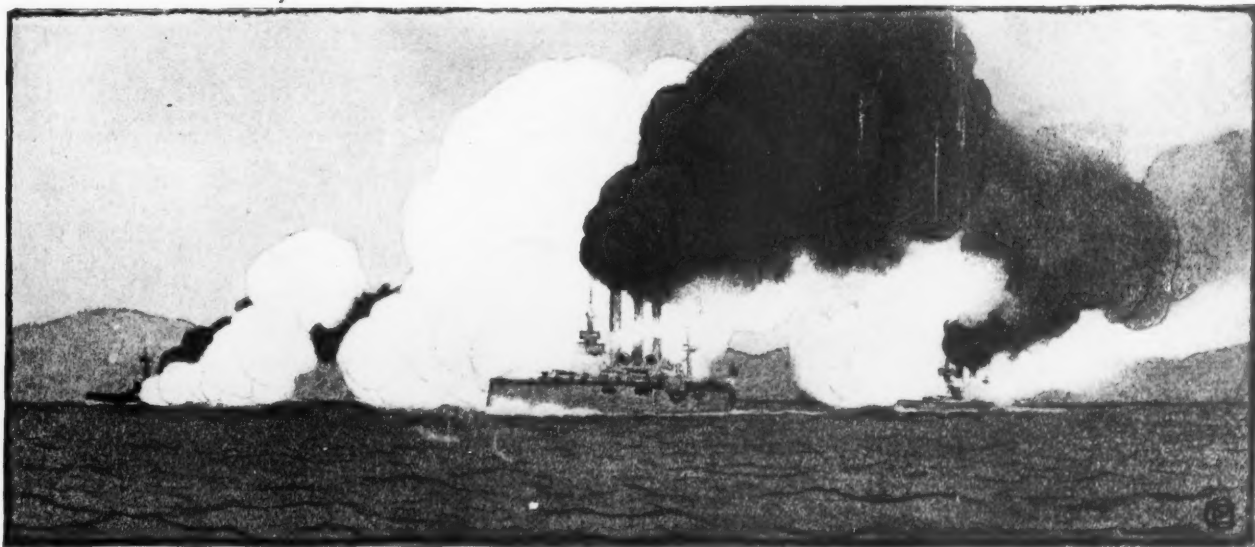
The Third Chamber never wastes its energy. Let us suppose, for example, that the country thinks it is right that we should have pure food legislation or freer trade with the Philippines. The Third Chamber concentrates its energy by trades, by deals, by advocacy, by money indirectly used, and by blocking legislation for one session, being fully convinced that before another year has passed (in keeping with the Constitutional provision) the public will have forgotten the agitation.

Now, the peculiar thing is that members of the Third Chamber who are not known as lobbyists pure and simple, but are earnest and sincere representatives of great vested interests, have their hearing at the White House, too. The trouble is that the President will listen to opposing interests as readily. You can get no line on him or the best way to influence him; he is so chaotic, so changeable. Not only will he not stand without being hitched, but he is likely to break the hitching-strap and bolt at any moment. No man has ever been more accessible to members than he. His friends always resent any attacks on Congress because it may hinder him in securing legislation which has the misfortune of being popular. His friends say, too, that many of the men in Congress who are "knocking" him, in case of national danger would feel confident of success under his leadership.

It was the ingenuousness of an outsider, hoping that the public might have the "inside" Republican view stated authoritatively, which suggested humbly to an eminent member: "Why don't you meet the man in the White House with his own weapons? Why don't you say on the floor what you have said to me, so that the whole country will hear it? He would, under the same conditions."

The member looked at me as if I had trumped my partner's ace. I asked him to excuse me for not understanding the game. His very superiority drove me, although I had heard only the "knocker's" view, over to join the crowd around the White House. There the machinery is all in sight. I suppose the complicated Congressional machinery is in the cellar, because so many Congressmen keep their ears to the ground.

THE STORY OF GEORGE BOND



By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD, Author of "The Durn Fool"

THE tale had no ghost, no horror, no mystery or problem in it. It was told where we could smell the wetness of the seaweed, which the tide was leaving on the beach, and see the wink of Cape Powder revolving light along the gilt edge of the trundling fog, which pillowed backward from the moonlight. The place was no more fitted for the story than the teller. She was a matter-of-fact person, it seemed, who in reading history would take the greatest pains to learn the dates—merely some one who invites politeness and possibly a little pity. Her name is of no consequence and easily forgotten; no one remembers whether she was Miss or Mrs., which was more vital. In a way, it was simple enough, almost a melodrama of simplicity! Substantially—

There was a man somewhere who used to sit month after month immovable in his chair, looking out across the variability of the seas with the most remarkably clear eyes—immovable in his body, but with all his vitality in his blue eyes.

He had been through Annapolis, where the system was a song to him; he ate discipline, swam in rules and regulations, and took the training like a blotter. Inactivity was a shrunken shirt to him. No one bettered him. He nailed down the greater part that a sea fighter can know the way a carpenter lays Georgia pine, and he never let his man break through. When he came out he was six feet two, with a back the width of a

Smyrna rug. Some one said he could crack pecans in the bend of his elbow. The world was two sizes too small to suit his fancy. Dropping forever over the edge of the horizon was the next best thing to complete happiness. Complete happiness was the chance to put his life into making the navy an inexpressible superlative of perfect power, half man and half iron. Unsurpassable flesh tuned unsurpassably to an unsurpassable reticence of steel was his poetry.

The navy bellowed short-handed at his coming; one of its ships had swayed down into the bottom of Havana Harbor, officers were cutting themselves when they shaved in the morning, and the men could be caught at any time patting the fat, sleek sides of somniferous eight-inchers, playing possum. The navy needed him as they needed the other hundreds; those who had the greatest faith in him said it needed him even more.

Into the lazy, drooping tropics he went with the rest, a dance in his eyes. There were weeks of basking off jungle-skirted shores, the fleet being like so many sniffling sharks brooding in the sunlight. At night the fat-topped water slid away from the vessels into a mysterious nothing of darkness beyond which at any moment there might lie some frantic, joyful stress. The ensigns and middies were promising each other wild, exultant happenings. But George Bond put tooth on tooth and promised to himself silently.

The anticipation was feeble in comparison to the reality. The miracle of the fight was not only the pounce of one squadron upon another, the spit and roar, the sinews bulging from men's necks, the yawning of the sea, closing its jaws upon metallic cities; to Bond the true marvel was that man's mind could live so long or know so much. To be where he stood was to fulfil his mission on earth, as if he were some insect for the microscope whose normal life is being measured by the seconds.

It took life several months to get back into measured tread. Then came more tropic places and brown, bare-foot islands, with thatched dwellings and swishing palms. The shore and the doctor claimed Bond. He cursed at sick leave, cursed at motionless days, cursed the writhing of the malarial torment that flung him back into his delirium Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The disease stripped him, his big frame became gaunt, he felt like a dismantled cruiser, and cried out in the agony of staying still. The pendulum of malaria would not let him go, and his mind thrashed on like a pile-driver shaking itself to pieces over emptiness. Finally quinine with its ear-ringing persistence drove the ghastly swing of the disease back far enough so that he might fare out in a tame, gunless craft to touch his own soil once more. People whom he had never seen before knew him; in the Department his name was no longer a meaningless word on the lists; in the navy

hotel, behind the Golden Gate, officers who had never seen him spoke nicely of him, and those who had wrote to him pleasantly. He had taken his trial trip, and had made two knots over specifications. The next thing was to go on and on, loving and loving the navy and being a part of it, screaming when the navy slackened its own pace or held him back from the tugging of his ambition. His mind forgot its own dwelling.

Bond's great frame, filling out little by little, became saturated with a new mystery—the puzzle of rheumatism. One morning he closed his fingers upon the bed-sheet with a groan of pain, a week later he could not close them at all—in a month two specialists had gone to their wits' ends, and he swung between crutches. "Exceedingly curious—most virulent form—exceedingly curious," said the wise man. A year showed that several hot springs and massage treatments equally accomplished nothing.

Bond's mind was as practical as it was eager. With every wrench of the pain he reflected more, with every new inroad of the stinging, paralyzing conqueror he read treatises upon the disease with feverish interest, becoming an authority almost as capable as those whom he summoned to the side of his wheel chair. He recognized the end of the fight when he had come to the end of the list of all sane methods of combat.

"No one really knows the disease, its cause or its cure," said the expert, dropping his voice as if imparting a confidence; "I know about as much as any one. After all, it is very little."

"It's lucky I have no relatives," replied Bond carelessly. "When will I go?"

"Oh, not for some years yet," said the doctor, as if that were good news. "You ought to be safe till it gets the heart."

"It's going to play with me like a cat playing with a mouse," said Bond suddenly, for the first and last time in his life looking bent and beaten, bulldozed and bitter. "Well, let her play!" His blue eyes kindled as they had on the coast of Cuba. Their brightness was only quenched. But this is where the real story begins. Persons who are not blood-moored or have not had an actual berth somewhere in the harbor of a man's soul are perfectly forgivable if they forget. Bond remembered the navy and loved it and loved it, and although he knew every movement, every improvement, every commission, promotion, or death, and although his pay still came to him in the honor of his retirement, yet the navy as a many-sided personality most pardonably let him slip out of its mind. The rigidity of his body used to distress strangers, the fact that his knees were set into crooks as inflexible as marble produced a most painful expression on the faces of those who sympathized with him so unnecessarily, and braved their own shudders to approach him. It almost seemed a duty to haunt the cross-road places with his great stiff body, and the tragedy of the wheel-chair and his ruddy, wholesome face and his clear blue eyes. And, therefore, with what the doctors had left, he bought himself a little old farmhouse by the sea, since the sea attracted him, and the greatest diversion of life was its variability, its color, its wind-flicked blue or its oily gray, its triumphs of clear weather, its mysteries of fog, the eternal cloud patterns and whimsical tide streaks, its limitless store of vital aroma, its million-fold noises of wind and water.

The farmhouse was a cosy place, with the usual picturesque whiteness of aged country dwellings in New England, where one may still find a moss-rose or two growing in the garden and sunflowers do not seem out of place. Vine-covered, the porch welcomed the morning sun and afforded a pleasant afternoon shade; it was broad enough to avoid a complete invasion of winter snows and seemed to invite the curiosity of summer winds. To its wholesome quiet George Bond made the retreat of his useless body. Whether his mind followed or whether it still flung itself abroad in dreams of creative activity, no one ever knew. Day after day he sat motionless, looking with his blue eyes out across the variability of the seas. His face was still powerful, weathered, and wholesome; his fingers, his arms, his legs, his sides were still upon him, free from serious deformity, but they no longer knew their names.

An old woman who had appeared from somewhere, neat and gray-haired, taciturn but kindly, did his cooking and housework. The only other member of his strange household was the trained nurse who moved him indoors and out, turned the simple machinery that lifted him on to his bed with a painful squeak of cog-wheels, read to him occasionally, or sat watching him with an empty, absent-minded stare. The trained nurse was merely a part of the unreasoning campaign for his life. Several came and went. One was young, fresh, and pretty; one was profession-worn and over-wise, one was pathetic, timid, and unhappy as if by a set determination. Bond god-naturally wished them well and tried to entertain them; he knew that it must be lonesome for them by his side. In the summer a few of the cottagers on the Point came in to see him, but the occasions were always embarrassing except for the one instance of a frivolous young girl who had a

brother in the navy, and came to Bond to have him tell her just where the brother was, and who was his commanding officer, and whether his vessel was a lucky ship, and how many guns she carried, and hear the tales he told with his cheeks reddening, which she said were "simply great!" In the winter, neighbors from down the road, out of the goodness of their hearts, brought him glasses of beach-plum jelly and fled from him in a panic of excuses. It must have been rather dull for the nurses, he thought, and as he seemed to be a dismal failure as an entertainer, they came and went with the turn of time. Mary Cranston was the only one who stayed.

She was not otherwise, pathetic, or pretty. What she had been through in the past she never revealed; some of it showed on her face. Rather older in years than young Bond, she was ending the repertoire of human emotions. Bond had only played the leading part in one, and was now playing the second; the rest, among which love was important, but improbable, were so unknown to him that he could not tell whether they were comedies or tragedies. He grew very fond of Miss Cranston in a week, and no one knew why, not even he. Till the end he never loved her.

But she was the first who saw some acropolis in his soul which others failed to see, and although she was too tall, and beaten too thin, to be pleasant to look upon, there was much comfort in her companionship. She looked upon his immobility with a brave eye, smiled wholesomely upon him, and appeared to him peacefully contented as she sat near him in the long summer days under the shade of the vines, knitting upon some garment of mystery. Her hands were large



She was not otherwise, pathetic, or pretty.

Drawn by Emlen McConnell

without being unwomanly; there was a fascination in watching her fingers.

The curiosity attending the progress of this slow-growing fabric was not unpleasant to Bond, and he teased himself with its miniature excitement like a child who looks with bated breath at an array of bundles hidden in a closet before Christmas. He seldom asked questions. But one brilliant morning in October, when the sea twinkled with whitecaps, he asked her about it directly.

"Why, it's going to be a sort of sweater that can be put on like a coat," said she.

"Who is it for?"

"It's for you," she replied simply, putting it down into the hollow of her lap.

"I never see you working on things for other people," he said, without any sign of thankfulness or pleasure.

"There aren't any." Her voice indicated no sentiment, it was merely a statement of fact. "I have few friends."

Bond thought of this and wondered how she came to be so much alone; he was sorry for her, and afterward, when the Department sent him some interesting volumes of reports, the consideration of Miss Cranston left his mind. It was not until the dry leaves were scratching across the porch at night, and the first snow lay in patches above the tide-marks, that she beat her way back into his interest. Breakfast had been brought to him outdoors, where, in spite of the warm circle of sunlight, the sharp air whisked the steam from the surface of his cocoa. Mary fed him as usual.

"You don't look very well," he said.

"I am very happy and contented," she answered.

"You are!" cried Bond in sudden wonder. "In this dull place! I thought you would soon be going like the others."

"No, no," said she, "I have never been so happy for years. It is not tiresome here. It is peaceful."

"The others always explained they wanted to get back where there were theatres and street-cars and people and noises and electric lights!"

She faced the salt breeze and the open expanse of the sea. "I think I would like to stay here forever," she said.

Bond did not see that he could say anything in reply to that; there was no reason why she should not stay so long as the disease did not climb up and catch his heart. After a moment, during which his glance traveled from her hands to her rather thick lips and thin nose and brown eyes, he spoke to her for the first time with real sympathy.

"You look tired," he said. "Are you sleeping well?"

"Last night I slept but little—I was thinking."

"What about?" he asked.

She looked steadily into his eyes, trembling a little. "I was thinking whether I would speak of this or not. But I will tell you—I wish that you would make me your wife."

The words caused little outward effect upon Bond, for even though emotions play about the mouth and in the eyes, one expects the body to do something, and Bond's body never did. Several times he started to speak. At last he said: "Roll me over where I can get the sun, and come back in an hour or so. That's a good girl."

When she returned to him he was still looking out across the lead gray of the water. "See here, Miss Cranston," he said. "Without answering you in any other way, it's too plain that you have no right to tie yourself down that way. Besides, I'm fond of you, but I don't love you. I'm very, very fond of you, but I don't believe I'd love any girl. That's lucky for all of us."

"You don't understand," she answered.

"Well, no, I don't believe I do. I've often told you that what property I have will go to the last nurse who's with me. There is nothing to prevent your staying till then, and so I know there must be other reasons. I don't believe you love me either."

She shook her head solemnly. "So I believe that you are doing it for unselfishness," he went on at last—"for me."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"What a fool I am!" she said, drawing her sleeve across them.

"It isn't right," Bond said.

"Of course, it won't do. You're too young. It would make you unhappy. Don't you see that it wouldn't ever do?"

"But it would do! I would be so happy if I could always take care of you, and be near you—that is if you wanted me. And it would be home for me. I can hardly ever remember having a home. And to be some happiness for some one else."

"It's home for you now," he interrupted kindly, "and you can always stay here."

"Oh, can't you see?" she cried, jumping to her feet. "It is so different!"

At that moment he wished he could move his fingers so that he might put them upon her hand, which rested on the railing.

"Let's wait awhile," he said, smiling. "By and by, after a few days, you'll see when you think about it that you need more courage than that which makes you willing to give up everything out there now." He indicated the outside world with a motion of his eyes.

"I must tell you about myself," she said softly, "before—"

"No," cried he, vehemently. "What difference do you think that makes to me?"

In the days that followed Bond never failed to return constantly to the attack upon her inclination. He failed to bend it, and failing, admired her the more. If he, at the bottom of his heart, was indifferent on his own account, he never said so, and therefore left unused the one bit of information which would have driven the possibilities from her mind. Perhaps his new intimacy with Miss Cranston made him more and more comfortable and happy with her; it seemed to her that he did not sit so many hours gazing at the tumult of his mental pictures.

"It means so much to me," she said to him after several weeks had gone by. "I've done so little good. And now it's a great big chance once more. It would make me so happy."

"Are you sure of that?" said Bond slowly.

She did not answer.

"If it's for me, I won't have it," he added almost savagely. "I'm fond of you, Mary, but it wouldn't do."

Nevertheless, one day he called to the minister, who was driving by in a thaw, with the runners of his shabby old sleigh shrieking over the bare places in the road.

"Good afternoon," answered the other, leaping out and picking his way up the path.

"I just wanted you to tell the people around here that Miss Cranston and I are going to get married in a week or so. That doesn't mean they're invited. What day can you come around?"

The young parson was somewhat startled at Bond's terse announcement and simple plans, but Mary Cranston was quietly radiant with her promise of new life. All that week Bond could hear her singing to herself as she went about, and he was happier himself.

They never talked about their coming marriage, but Mary seemed contented to plan wonderful things for the house and the restoration of the old garden.

"I suppose there will be some one you'll want to write to," he suggested, with an unpleasant idea suddenly entering his head.

"I will write for you, of course," she said, putting her work on the chair and getting up; "there is nobody as far as I am concerned."

"Sit down," said he laconically.

The marriage ceremony took place in the parlor beneath a steel engraving of the Battle of Trafalgar, upon which Bond kept his eyes steadily fixed. Mary Cranston stood beside his chair and drew a deep, painful breath when the minister placed the ring upon her finger. Her hand was touching the motionless fingers of her husband. The old housekeeper with red, bleary eyes was the only witness. It afterward occurred to Bond that it was a good deal more like an enlistment than a wedding.

The marriage made no difference in the mode of life at the old farmhouse. Bond still sat motionless on the porch, gazing out across the variability of the sea. Mary Cranston still lifted him from his chair to his bed with a squeaking of cog-wheels, and was no longer paid a weekly salary for doing this sort of thing. The only difference was the increased number of visitors. Some of the village folk were sure that Mrs. Bond was a great heroine, others attributed to her a mercenary motive; all came to see her in a most neighborly spirit. When summer had warmed the days, the story of the Bonds was chatted among the holiday-seekers at the Point as a pretty romance, and those who knew made their horses walk as they drove by the door.

Bond was very fond of his wife, but he was not in love with her. She was quieting and silent. More and more silent she became.

The improvements about the house which she had planned were made, and she seemed to have exhausted this resource of pleasure.

They said little to one another, not only because Mary had talked herself to her extremity, but because her husband's mind was somewhere else—perhaps cruising far out on an ocean of phantom activity.

Sometimes after wordless hours she would say, "George, what are you looking at with those blue eyes of yours? What are you thinking about?"

The answer never varied. "I was wondering when my carcass would let go of me," he would reply, without any trace of bitterness or sorrow. She often wondered if that were the whole unexpurgated truth.

As the weather grew warmer during the second spring, when the nips of green began to poke out of the brown places, and there came a luxurious faltering wind, saturated with sunlight, Mary's spirit writhed and stretched as if it were awakening like a hibernated lizard.

She found herself longing to hear the booming of the city or sniff the odor of cooking, not as it floated from the farmhouse chimney, redolent with birch bark, but the smell of the gas stove, the griddle cake, and the greasy chop that floated out into the noisy streets from some café. Old pictures haunted her, old voices whispered in her ear. She reflected that the old associations, at least of places, were wholesome enough, and it could do her no harm to return to them for a day or two.

She presented the matter to her husband with the simple statement that she would like to go away for a week if he could be contented with a hired nurse for that space of time.

"Go ahead," said Bond; "it will do you a lot of good."

It did not appear, however, that he was right in his opinion; on her return Mary showed indications of a new delight in personal adornment. During the peaceful months of her married life her taste had gradually settled into a rut of extremely neat severity; now she took particular delight in a becoming brown hat, a lorgnette chain with amethysts, and a belt of new style which was particularly suited to the thinness of her waist.

All of these were purchases of her visit. Bond did not ask her where she had been or what she had done; he seemed genuinely pleased that she was delighted with her new things, and tried to turn his chair so that he could see her when she first appeared in her new spring suit.

"The nurse was a nuisance," said he, "but you had a good time, and I think that's a good thing. You ought to go away oftener."

Life at the farmhouse did not change its tune. It began to seem to Mary to be the distressing reiteration of an inharmonious toy music-box, the crank of which some child turns with fiendish patience. New mornings came without newness, days crawled toward dusk, and rolled up during the night to unroll again to-morrow, like the to-and-fro sliding of a faded panorama.

One day she went to Bond, sitting motionless in his chair, gazing out across the sea, and, walking around where she could look into his blue eyes, she said very

clearly and distinctly: "I can not stand it any longer, I must go away. The monotony and quiet is fearful, this musty house is fearful. It is a living hell here, and I am going away. I have packed up already. The

"Oh, that's all right," said he, "when will you come back?"

"I'm not coming back."

"For God's sake!" He leaned his head back as far as it would go on the sort of neck he had, and winked his eyes at the sunlight and the pain. "Go in and do what you want to," he said finally. "Pack some more or whatever you want to do and come back in an hour or so."

When she returned it was obvious she had been crying. Her face seemed younger than ever before, but nevertheless wore a look of mature doggedness.

"It's awful, awful, awful!" she cried, covering her eyes with her hands. "I am so sorry. It's wicked to do it."

"No, it isn't," said Bond coolly. "Sit down over there. It isn't wicked. It's natural. It's just what most people would do. I'm partly to blame. I never realized before how terrible it must be for you here. I remember I spoke of it beforehand, but it went out of my mind since. I don't see how you stood it so long."

"It would be wicked enough even if you were an ordinary man, but—"

"Hold on," interrupted Bond. "Don't get on that subject. Leave me out of it. Let's just look at it from

your point of view; let me tell you how I faced the same thing."

"The same thing!" she repeated.

"A question of courage," he explained. "I used to think of a hero the way most people do. Something on the spur of the moment, and dash—a call for volunteers to jump down the gullet of death, and the answer. That's the sort of courage or heroism, or whatever you call it, that I used to have. Nearly everybody's got it. It's what made you willing to be my wife. I've always known it, Mary."

She shut her hands tightly and looked straight into his eyes.

"I don't think so much of that sort of hero as I used to. Generally he doesn't have time to think of what he's doing, or else there is a band playing and people shouting and flags waving and medals clinking and rows and rows of eyes and newspaper reporters. I could have made a great hero in that class. So could you. Sometimes it seems as if that was the kind that everybody admired the most. It's as tame as a transport. It's the cheap kind. It hasn't got the real stuff in it."

"Don't say that, George," cried his wife. "Why do you say so?"

"Because I know now that the real hero can't have the chance to shout out 'I'll do it!' where everybody will hear. It's the wives of no-good men and such folks that are the real ones. Who hollers for them, who gives a damn? They don't get hero-crazy at any supreme moment. The whole of life is supreme with them. It was cheap courage that made me jam my elbow into a launch engine to save a seaman's fingers, but when I didn't shoot myself, before my fingers stiffened so I couldn't, that took some of the real stuff. The navy's forgotten me, but they've got to remember I didn't, and if some other poor devil gets where I am he'll remember that I stuck it out!"

"Don't, George," she exclaimed; "it's too terrible." "No, it isn't—it's all there is in life for me. I'm dying the way I ought to die, and no yelps. I'm sticking it out. Who sees? What do I care who sees? There aren't any cheers for me. What do I care? If I die right, somebody'll remember it. You'll remember it."

"Oh, don't—please don't—don't go on," she sobbed. For a moment he was still. When he spoke again his voice was more tender than she had ever heard it.

"You see, it doesn't make much difference to me. But there's these village people, for instance. Some of 'em are helped out a good deal by thinking. 'Now, there's Mary Bond; just see what a good woman she is; why, she's a heroine'; and then the others are saying, 'You can't expect too much of people. There aren't any angels in this world. Even Mary Bond will leave when she finds out what she's undertaken—you see if she don't.' It's for them you've got to stick it out. When you made your first sacrifice it wasn't anything compared to this. This is your big chance. There won't be any cheers for you, or flags flying or memorial tablets. Hardly anybody will notice it. But it's the real stuff. It's your real chance."

She came to him quickly, putting her arms about him. "You are wonderful—a man," she cried. "I love you I love you, I love you," and for the first time she kissed him upon his lips.

So it happened that she stayed until there came a day when the disease climbed up and caught George Bond as he was sitting motionless, looking out across the water. It caught him by the heart and threw him forward across the railing, with his face buried among the vines.

That was the story. So it was told in substance. It has been told here again, not because it was an elaborate tale, but rather because of George Bond, and because it only seems fair to him that many should know rather than only a few.



It threw him forward across the railing, with his face buried among the vines

garden and people here are dreadful. It is something awful to watch you looking and looking out there all the time, and there's nothing there for you to look at. I am sorry. Truly, I am sorry."



A Letter from Home

(From the Princess Boo-Lally at Gumbo-Goo, South Sea Islands, to her brother, Prince Umbobo, a sophomore at Yale)

By WALLACE IRWIN

"IT is spring, my dear Umbobo,
On the isle of Gumbo-Goo,
And your father, King Korobo,
And your mother long for you.

"We had missionaries Monday,
Much the finest of the year—
Our old cook came back last Sunday,
And the stew she makes are dear.

"I've the loveliest string of knuckles,
Which dear father gave to me,
And a pair of shinbone buckles,
Which I so wish you could see.

"You remember Mr. Booloo?
He is coming over soon
With some friends from Umatulu—
We all hope they'll call at noon.

"Mr. Booloo's rather slender,
But we'll fix him up with sage,
And I think he'll be quite tender
For a fellow of his age.

"I am hoping next vacation
I may visit you awhile.
In this out-of-way location
It's so hard to know the style.

"Will you try and match the sample
I inclose—be sure it's green.
Get three yards—that will be ample.
Velvet, mind, not velveteen.

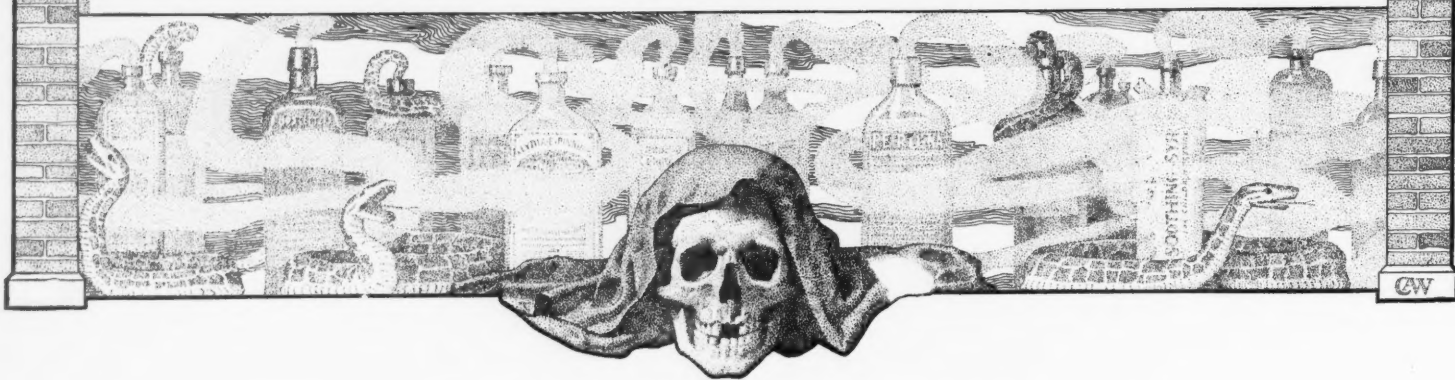
"Gentle mother worries badly,
And she thinks it is a shame
That a man like Dr. Hadley
Lets you play that football game.

"For the way they hurt each other
Seems so barbarously rude—
No, you've not been raised, dear brother,
To do anything so crude.

"And those horrid meals at college—
Not what you're accustomed to.
It is hard, this quest for knowledge,
But be brave. Your sister, Boo.

P.S.—"If it's not too great a bother,
And a mental over-tax,
Would you send your poor old father,
C.O.D., a battle-axe?"

THE GREAT AMERICAN FRAUD



By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

V—PREYING ON THE INCURABLES

Consumption

There is no specific for consumption. Fresh air, exercise, good food and Scott's Emulsion will come pretty near curing it, if there is anything to be done. Millions of people throughout the world are living and in good health on our lung.

From time immemorial the doctors prescribed cod liver oil for consumption. Of course the patient could not take it in its old form, hence it did very little good. They can take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

and tolerate it for a long time. There is no oil, not extracting butter, so easily digested and absorbed by the system as cod liver oil in the form of Scott's Emulsion, and that is the reason it is so helpful in consumption where it can be taken.

We will send you a sample free.

If you want the Emulsion in this form, it is sent in a glass bottle of one quart of Emulsion in this form.

Scott's Emulsion
407 Pearl Street
New York

An example of legitimate advertising in the consumption field

promises of rescue they delude the sufferer into misplacing his reliance, and forfeiting his only chance by neglecting those rigidly careful habits of life which alone can conquer the "white plague." One and all, the men who advertise medicines to cure consumption deliberately traffic in human life.

Certain members of the Proprietary Association of America (the patent medicine "combine") with whom I have talked have urged upon me the claim that there are firms in the nostrum business that are above criticism, and have mentioned H. E. Bucklen & Co. of Chicago, who manufacture a certain salve. The Bucklen salve did not particularly interest me. But when I came to take up the subject of consumption cures I ran unexpectedly upon an interesting trail. In the country and small city newspapers there is now being advertised lavishly "Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption." It is proclaimed to be the "Only Sure Cure for Consumption." Further announcement is made that "It Strikes Terror to the Doctors." As it is a morphine and chloroform mixture, "Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption" is well calculated to strike terror to the doctors or to any other class or profession, except, perhaps, the undertakers. It is a pretty diabolical concoction to give to any one, and particularly to a consumptive. The chloroform temporarily allays the cough, thereby checking nature's effort to throw off the dead matter from the lungs. The opium drugs the patient into a deceived cheerfulness. The combination is admirably designed to shorten the life of any consumptive who takes it steadily. Of course, there is nothing on the label of the bottle to warn the purchaser. That would decrease the profits. The makers of this beneficent preparation are H. E. Bucklen & Co. of Chicago.

Chloroform and Prussic Acid

Another "cure" which, for excellent reasons of its own, does not print its formula, is "Shiloh's Consumption Cure," made at Leroy, New York, by S. C. Wells & Co. Were it to publish abroad the fact that it contains, among other ingredients, chloroform and prussic acid, the public would probably exhibit some caution in taking it. Under our present lax system there is no warning on the bottle that the liquid contains one of the most deadly of poisons. The makers write me, "After you have taken the medicine for a while, if you

are not firmly convinced that you are very much better, we want you to go to your druggist and get back all the money that you have paid for Shiloh." But, if I were a consumptive, after I had taken "Shiloh" for a while, I should be less interested in recovering my money than in getting back my wasted chance of life. Would S. C. Wells & Co. guarantee that?

Morphine is the important ingredient of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Nevertheless, the United States Post-Office Department obligingly transmits me a dose of this poison through the mails, from A. C. Meyer & Co. of Baltimore, the makers. The firm writes me, in response to my letter of inquiry:

"We do not claim that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure an established case of consumption. If you have gotten this impression, you most likely have misunderstood what we claim. . . . We can, however, say that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has cured cases said to have been consumption in its earliest stages."

Quite conservative this. But A. C. Meyer & Co. evidently don't follow their own advertising very closely, for around my sample bottle (by courtesy of the Post-Office Department) is a booklet, and from that booklet I quote:

"There is no case of hoarseness, cough, asthma, bronchitis . . . or consumption that can not be cured speedily by the proper use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup."

FREE of COST!

The True Remedy at last Discovered!

IT STRIKES TERROR TO THE DOCTORS.

GREATEST DISCOVERY OF 19TH CENTURY.

DR. KING'S
NEW
Discovery for Consumption.

The Only Sure Cure for Consumption in the World.

And all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Especially Croup, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Lung Fever, Pneumonia, Loss of Voice, Hemorrhages of the Lungs, Dry, Hacking Cough, Tickling in the Throat, Quinsy, Shortness of Breath, Phthisis, etc. Hundreds of happy cases are being cured every day by

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption.

Delay not a moment when that hacking cough and flushed cheek admonish you that the hidden virus, Consumption, is secretly gnawing at the ribs, and ere long your doom will be sealed. So do not delay a moment when it lies within your power to procure a bottle of "Dr. King's New Discovery." Severe coughs and colds causing irritation and inflammation of the air passages, bronchitis, etc., are relieved almost instantly.

Knowing the many wonderful curative qualities of this great discovery, we are willing to stake our reputation on its merits. Nay, even more so confident are we that it will not disappoint the most sanguine expectations of a single invalid, who employs it for any of the ailments for which it is intended, that we offer and sell it under a

POSITIVE GUARANTEE.

If a beneficial effect is not experienced by the time two-thirds of the contents of the bottle are used, we will, at request of the patient, refund the money for the medicine having failed to cure according to directions, and the same being one for which it is recommended, promptly refund the money paid for it. Had we not the most perfect confidence in its virtues, we could not offer it as we do under these conditions. Having witnessed its truly marvellous cures in thousands of cases, we feel warranted and perfectly safe in making our reputation and money on its merits.

No medicine has ever yet been introduced to the American people like it. Go to your druggist and get a bottle. If they have not got it have them send for it, or send for it yourself. Do not under any circumstances let them point off to any one else's worthless preparation, thinking to be so good, as its equal does not exist. Ask for "Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption," and take no other.

TRIAL BOTTLES FREE OF COST. Regular Size \$1.00.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations. Be sure the name "DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY" is on every bottle.

SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD!

H. E. BUCKLEN & CO., Props.
CHICAGO, ILL. AND WILSON, CANADA.

A TYPICAL FRAUD

The claims are baseless, the guarantee ridiculous, and the remedy harmful

If this is not a claim that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup "will cure an established case of consumption," what is it? The inference from Meyer & Co.'s cautious letter is that they realize their responsibility for a cruel and dangerous fraud, and are beginning to feel an uneasiness about it, which may be shame or may be only fear. One logical effect of permitting medicines containing a dangerous quantity of poison to be sold without the poison label is shown in the coroner's verdict herewith printed. In the account of the Keck baby's death from the Dr. Bull opium mixture, which the Cincinnati papers published, there was no mention of the name of the cough syrup. Asked about this, the newspapers gave various explanations. Two of them disclosed that they had no information on the point. This is contrary to the statement of the physician in the case, and implies a reportorial laxity which is difficult to credit. One ascribed the omission to a settled policy, and one to the fear of libel. When the coroner's verdict was given out, however, the name of the nostrum got into plain print. On the whole, the Cincinnati papers showed themselves gratifyingly independent.

Another case of poisoning from this same remedy occurred in Morocco, Indiana, the victim being a two-year-old child. The doctor reports:

"In an hour when first seen, symptoms of opium poisoning were present. In about twelve hours the child had several convulsions, and spasms followed for another twelve hours at intervals. It then sank into a coma and died in the seventy-two hours with cardiac failure. The case was clearly one of death from overdose of the remedy."

The baby had swallowed a large amount of the "medicine" from a bottle left within its reach. Had the bottle been properly labeled with skull and crossbones, the mother would probably not have let it lie about.

Caution seems to have become a suddenly acquired policy of this class of medicines, in so far as their correspondence goes. Unfortunately it does not extend to their advertising. The result is a rather painful discrepancy. G. G. Green runs hotels in California and manufactures quack medicines in Woodbury, New Jersey, one of these being "Boschee's German Syrup," a "consumption cure." Mr. Green writes me (per rubber stamp):

"Consumption can sometimes be cured, but not always. Some cases are beyond cure. However, we suggest that you secure a trial bottle of German Syrup for twenty-five cents," etc.

On the bottle I read: "Certain cure for all diseases of the throat and lungs." Consumption is a disease of the lungs; sometimes of the throat. If it "can sometimes be cured, but not always," then the German Syrup is not a "certain cure for all diseases of the throat and lungs," and somebody, as the ill-fated Reingelder put it, "haf lied in brint" on Mr. Green's bottle, which must be very painful to Mr. Green. Mr. Green's remedy contains morphine and some hydrocyanic acid. Therefore consumption will be much less often curable where Boschee's German Syrup is used than where it is not.

Absolutely False Claims

A curious mixture of the cautious, semi-ethical method and the blatant claim-all patent medicine is offered in the Ozomulsion Company. Ozomulsion does not, like the "cures" mentioned above, contain active poisons. It is one of the numerous cod-liver-oil preparations, and its advertising, in the medical journals at first, and now in the lay press, is that of a cure for consumption. I visited the offices of the Ozomulsion Company recently, and found them duly furnished with a regular physician, who was employed, so he informed me, in a purely ethical capacity. There was also present during the interview the president of the Ozomulsion Company, Mr. A. Frank Richardson, former advertising agent, former deviser of the advertising of Swamp Root, former proprietor of Kranitonic, and present proprietor of Slocum's Consumption Cure, which is the "wicked partner" of Ozomulsion. For

convenience I will put the conversation in court report form, and, indeed, it partook somewhat of the nature of a cross-examination:

Q.—Dr. Smith, will Ozomulsion cure consumption?

A.—Ozomulsion builds up the tissues, imparts vigor, aids the natural resistance of the body, etc. (Goes into a long exploitation in the manner and style made familiar by patent medicine pamphlets.)

Q.—But will it cure consumption?

A.—Well, without saying that it is a specific, etc. (Passes to an instructive, entertaining, and valuable disquisition on the symptoms and nature of tuberculosis.)

Q.—Yes, but will Ozomulsion cure consumption?

A.—We don't claim that it will cure consumption.

Q.—Does not this advertisement state that Ozomulsion will cure consumption? (Showing advertisement.)

A.—It seems to.

Q.—Will Ozomulsion cure consumption?

A.—In the early stages of the disease—

Q. (interrupting).—Does the advertisement make any qualifications as to the stage of the disease?

A.—Not that I can find.

Q.—Have you ever seen that advertisement before?

A.—Not to my knowledge.

Q.—Who wrote it?

A. (by President Richardson).—I done that ad. myself.

Q.—Mr. Richardson, will Ozomulsion cure consumption?

A.—Sure; we got testimonials to prove it.

Q.—Have you ever investigated any of these testimonials?

A.—No.

Q. (to Dr. Smith).—Dr. Smith, in view of the direct statement of your advertising, do you believe that Ozomulsion will cure consumption?

A.—Well, I believe in a great many cases it will.

Health for Five Dollars

That is as far as Dr. Smith would go. I wonder what he would have said as to the Dr. T. A. Slocum side of the business. Dr. Slocum puts out a "Special Cure Offer" that will snatch you from the jaws of death, on the blanket plan, for \$5, and guarantees the cure (or more medicine) for \$50. His scheme is so noble and broad-minded that I can not refrain from detailing it. For \$5 you get:

- 1 large bottle of Psychine,
- 1 large bottle of Ozomulsion,
- 1 large bottle of Colloidal Expectorant,
- 1 large tube of Ozojell,
- 3 boxes of Lazy Liver Pills,
- 3 Hot X-Ray Porous Plasters,

"which," says the certificate, "will in a majority of cases effect a permanent cure of the malady from which the invalid is now suffering." Whatever ails you—that's what Dr. T. A. Slocum cures. For \$50 you get almost twice the amount, plus the guarantee. Surely, there is little left on earth, unless Dr. Slocum should issue a \$15 offer, to include funeral expenses and a tombstone.

The Slocum Consumption Cure proper consists of a gay-hued substance known as "Psychine." Psychine is about 16 per cent alcohol, and has a dash of strychnine, to give the patient his money's worth. Its alluring color is derived from cochineal. It is "an infallible and unfailing remedy for consumption." Ozomulsion is also a sure cure, if the literature is to be believed. To cure one's self twice of the same disease

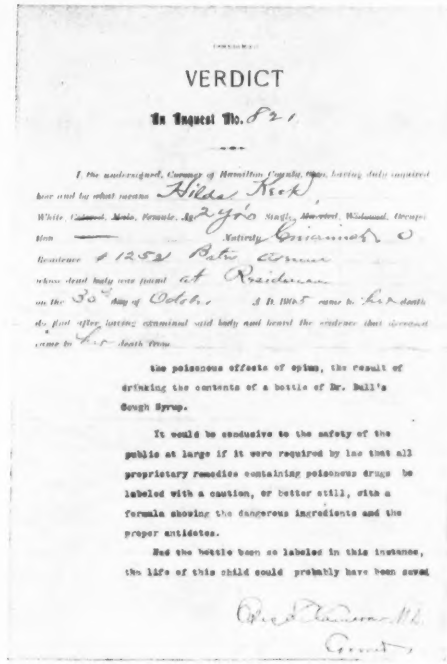
whole Slocum Consumption Cure is a fake and a fraud so ludicrous that its continued existence is a brilliant commentary upon human credulity.

Since the early sixties, and perhaps before, there has constantly been in the public prints one or another benefactor of the human race who wishes to bestow upon suffering mankind, free of charge, a remedy which has snatched him from the brink of the grave. Such a one is Mr. W. A. Noyes of Rochester, New York. To any one who writes him he sends gratis a prescription which will surely cure consumption. But take this prescription to your druggist and you will fail to get it filled, for the simple reason that the ingenious Mr. Noyes has employed a pharmaceutical nomenclature peculiarly his own. If you wish to try the "Cannabis Sativa Remedy" (which is a mixture of hashish and other drugs) you must purchase it direct from the advertiser, at a price which assures him an abnormal profit. As Mr. Noyes writes me proposing to give special treatment for my (supposed) case, depending upon a diagnosis of sixty-seven questions, I fail to see why he is not liable for practicing medicine without a license.

Piso Grows Cautious

Piso's Consumption Cure, extensively advertised a year or two ago, is apparently withdrawing from the field, so far as consumption goes, and the Piso people are now more modestly promising to cure coughs and colds. Old analyses give as the contents of Piso's Cure for Consumption, alcohol, chloroform, opium, and cannabis indica (hashish). In reply to an inquiry as to whether their remedy contains morphine and cannabis indica, the Piso Company replies: "Since the year 1872 Piso's Cure has contained no morphine or anything derived from opium." The question as to cannabis indica is not answered. Analysis shows that the "cure" contains chloroform, alcohol, and apparently cannabis indica. It is, therefore, another of the remedies which can not possibly cure consumption, but, on the contrary, tend by their poisonous and debilitating drugs to undermine the victim's stamina.

Peruna, Liquezone, Duffy's Malt Whiskey, Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and the other "blanket" cures include tuberculosis in their lists, claiming great numbers of well-authenticated cures. From the imposing book published by the R. V. Pierce Company of Buffalo, I took a number of testimonials for investigation; not a large number, for I found the consumption testimonial rather scarce. From fifteen letters I got results in nine cases. Seven of the letters were returned to me marked "unclaimed," of which one was marked "Name not in the directory," another, "No such post-office in the State," and a third, "Deceased." The eighth man wrote that the Golden Medical Discovery had cured his cough and blood-spitting, adding: "It is the best lung medicine I ever used for lung trouble." The last man said he took twenty-five bottles and was cured! Two out of nine seems to me a suspiciously small percentage of traceable recoveries. Much stress has been laid by the Proprietary Associa-



VERDICT OF DEATH FROM BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

One logical result of unlabeled poisons

savors of reckless extravagance, but as "a perfect and permanent cure will be the inevitable consequence," perhaps it's worth the money. It would not do to charge Dr. T. A. Slocum with fraud, because he is, I suppose, as dead as Lydia E. Pinkham; but Mr. A. Frank Richardson is very much alive, and I trust it will be no surprise to him to see here stated that his Ozomulsion makes claims that it can not support, that his Psychine is considerably worse, that his special cure offer is a bit of shameless quackery, and that his

I Can Cure Cancer

Home Without Pain, Plaster or Operation, and I Tell You How, Free.

I have discovered a new and seemingly infallible cure for the deadly cancer. I have made some most astonishing cures. I believe every person with cancer should know of this marvelous medicine and its wonderful cures, and I will be glad to give full information free to all who write me and tell me about their case. Peter Kegan, Cambridge, Ill., had cancer of the mouth and throat. Doctors said "No hope." Mr. Kegan wrote: "It is only a question of a short time—I must die." To-day his cancer is healed up and he is well. My marvelous radiated fluid did it. It has many just such cures to its credit. It is saving people every day and restoring them to health and strength. If you have cancer, or any lump or sore that you believe is cancer, write to-day and learn how you can be cured quickly and easily and at very small expense. No matter what your condition may be, do not hesitate to write and tell me all about it. I will answer your letter promptly, giving you full information and proof of many remarkable cures absolutely free. Address Dr. Rupert Wells, 124 Granite Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

RHEUMATISM CURED

WITHOUT MEDICINE
A DOLLAR PAIR FREE

New Remedy Discovered Which Absorbs All Impurities Through the Large Feet Pores. On Approval—Write To-day. Don't take medicine for rheumatism. It does not cure it, but only makes it worse. Use of Magic Foot Druggist's ointment. It cures every kind of Rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, etc., no matter how long it has been there. You'll find it in every part of the body. If you are troubled with rheumatism, write to-day and get the Druggist's ointment. It is sent to you, free of charge, if you send us one dollar. If you do not, we will send you a sample. Write to-day.

CANCER IS CURABLE

A Quarter of a Century's Marvelous Success

DR. BYE, Dept. N, Kansas City Mo.

EPILEPTIC FITS CURED

FREE—A FULL 16-OUNCE BOTTLE

Dr. F. E. Grant, Dept. A.M. Kansas City, Mo.

CANCER CURED

How Mrs. Worley's life was saved

DR. D. M. EYE CO.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic

The cure that is guaranteed by your druggist.

DEAFNESS CURED

By No Means Until "ACTINA" Was Discovered.

STROVER FROM PERMANENTLY DEAF TO HEAR AGAIN

DROPSY

GRAND REMEDY CURED

DR. J. H. HAY, 1414 Pine Street, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION AND CATARRH CURED—FREE

DR. J. H. HAY, 1414 Pine Street, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM POSITIVELY CURED

A DOLLAR BOX FREE.

PROF. J. GARTENSTEIN, 70 GRAND AVE., NEWARK, N.J.

A FRAUD'S GALLERY—FROM TWO NEW YORK SUNDAY PAPERS OF A SINGLE DATE

Every one of these advertisements represents a bunco game upon the sick and suffering

tion of America through its press committee upon the suit brought by R. V. Pierce against the "Ladies' Home Journal," the implication being (although the suit has not yet been tried) that a reckless libeler of a noble and worthy business has been suitably punished. In the full appreciation of Dr. Pierce's attitude in the matter of libel, I wish to state that in so far as its claim of curing consumption is concerned, his Golden Medical Discovery is an unqualified fraud.

One might suppose that the quacks would stop short of trying to deceive the medical profession in this matter, yet the "consumption cure" may be found disporting itself in the pages of the medical journals. For instance, I find this advertisement in several professional magazines:

"McArthur's Syrup of Hypophosphites has proved itself, time and time again, to be positively beneficial in this condition [tuberculosis] in the hands of prominent observers, clinicians, and, what is more, practicing physicians, hundreds of whom have written their admiring encomiums in its behalf, and it is the enthusiastic conviction of many that its effect is truly specific." Which, translated into lay terms, means that the syrup will cure consumption. I find also in the medical press "a sure cure for dropsy," fortified with a picture worthy of Swamp Root or Lydia Pinkham. Both of these are frauds in attempting to foster the idea that they will cure the diseases, and they are none the less fraudulent for being advertised to the medical profession instead of to the laity.

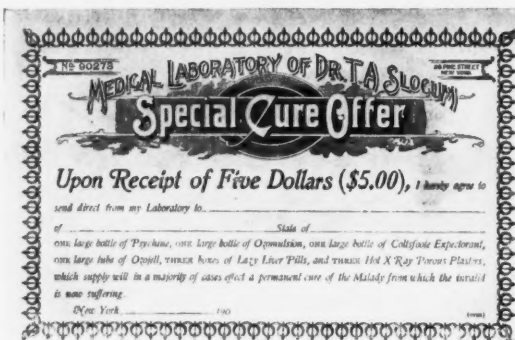
Is there, then, no legitimate advertising of preparations useful in diseases such as tuberculosis? Very little, and that little mostly in the medical journals, exploiting products which tend to build up and strengthen the patient. There has recently appeared, however, one advertisement in the lay press which seems to me a legitimate attempt to push a nostrum. It is reproduced at the beginning of this article. Notice, first, the frank statement that there is no specific for consumption; second, that there is no attempt to deceive the public into the belief that the emulsion will be helpful in all cases. Whether or not Scott's Emulsion is superior to other cod-liver oils is beside the present question. If all patent medicine "copy" were written in the same spirit of honesty as this, I should have been able to omit from this series all consideration of fraud, and devote my entire attention to the far less involved and difficult matter of poison. Unhappily all of the Scott's Emulsion advertising is not up to this standard. In another newspaper I have seen an excerpt in which the Scott & Bowne Company come perilously near making, if they do not actually make, the claim that their emulsion is a cure, and furthermore make themselves ridiculous by challenging comparison with another emulsion, suggesting a chemical test, and offering, if their nostrum comes out second best, to give to the institution making the experiment a supply of their oil, free, for a year. This is like the German druggist who invented a heart-cure and offered two cases to any one who could prove that it was injurious!

Consumption is not the only incurable disease in which there are good pickings for the birds of prey. In a recent issue of the New York Sunday "American Journal" I find three cancer cures, one dropsy cure, one "heart-disease soon cured," three epilepsy cures, and a "case of paralysis cured." Cancer yields to but

one agency—the knife. Epilepsy is either the result of pressure on the brain or some obscure cerebral disease; medicine can never cure it. Heart disease is of many kinds, and a drug that may be helpful in relieving symptoms in one case might be fatal in another. The same is true of dropsy. Medical science knows no "cure" for paralysis. As space lacks to consider individually the nature of each nostrum separately, I list briefly, for the protection of those who read, a number of the more conspicuous swindles of this kind now being foisted upon the public:

Rupert Wells' Radiated Fluid, for cancer.
Miles' Heart Disease Cure.
Miles' Grand Dropsy Cure.
Dr. Tucker's Epilepsy Cure.
Dr. Grant's Epilepsy Cure.
W. H. May's Epilepsy Cure.
Dr. Kline's Epilepsy Cure.
Dr. W. O. Bye's Cancer Cure.
Mason's Cancer Cure.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which are advertised to cure paralysis and are a compound of green vitriol, starch, and sugar.

Purchasers of these nostrums not only waste their



WHOLESALE CURING ON THE BLANKET PLAN

A blanket cure from the "laboratory of Dr. T. A. Slocum"

money, but in many cases they throw away their only chance by delaying proper treatment until it is too late.

Properly, a "cure" known as Bioplasm belongs in this list, but so ingenious are its methods that it deserves some special attention. In some of the New York papers a brief advertisement reading as follows occupies a conspicuous position:

"After suffering for ten years the torture that only an ataxic can know, Mr. E. P. Burnham of Delmar, New York, has been relieved of all pain and restored to health and strength, and the ability to resume his usual pursuits, by an easily obtained and inexpensive treatment which any druggist can furnish. To any fellow-sufferer who mails him a self-addressed envelope, Mr. Burnham sends free this prescription which cured him."—*Adv.*

Now, people who give away something for nothing, and spend money advertising for a chance to do it, are as rare in the patent medicine business as out of it, and Delmar, New York, is not included in any map of Al-

truria that I have learned of. E. P. Burnham, therefore, seemed worth writing to. The answer came back, promptly inclosing the prescription and explaining the advertiser's purpose:

"My only motive in the notice which caught your attention is to help other sufferers. You owe me nothing. I have nothing to sell. When you are benefited, however, if you feel disposed and able to send me a contribution to assist me in making this great boon to our fellow-sufferers better known, it will be thankfully received and used for that purpose."

I fear that Mr. Burnham doesn't make much money out of grateful correspondents who were cured of locomotor ataxia by his prescription, because locomotor ataxia is absolutely and hopelessly incurable. Where Mr. Burnham gets his reward, I fancy, is from the Bioplasm Company of 100 William Street, New York, whose patent medicine he prescribed for me. I should like to believe that his "only motive is to help other sufferers," but as I find, on investigation, that the advertising agents who handle the "Burnham" account are the Bioplasm Company's agents, I am regretfully compelled to believe that Mr. Burnham, instead of being of the tribe of the good Samaritan, is probably an immediate relative of Ananias. The Bioplasm Company also proposes to cure consumption, and is worthy of a conspicuous place in the Fraud's Gallery of nostrums.

Even the skin of the Ethiop is not exempt from the attention of the quacks. A colored correspondent writes, asking that I "give a paragraph to these frauds who cater to the vanity of those of my race who insult their Creator in attempting to change their color and hair," and incloses a typical advertisement of "Lustorone," which "straightens kinky, nappy, curly hair," and of "Lustorone Face-Bleach," which "whitens the darkest skin" and will "bring the skin to any desired shade or color." Nothing could better illustrate to what ridiculous lengths the nostrum fraud will go. Of course, the Lustorone business is fraudulent. Some time since a Virginia concern, which advertised to turn negroes white, was suppressed by the Post-Office Department, which might well turn its attention to Lustorone Face-Bleach.

There are being exploited in this country to-day more than one hundred cures for diseases that are absolutely beyond the reach of drugs. They are owned by men who know them to be swindles, and who in private conversation will almost always evade the direct statement that their nostrums will "cure" consumption, epilepsy, heart disease, and ailments of that nature. Many of them "guarantee" their remedies. They will return your money if you aren't satisfied. And they can afford to. They take the lightest of risks. The real risk is all on the other side. It is their few pennies per bottle against your life. Were the facile patter by which they lure to the bargain a menace to the pocketbook alone, one might regard them only as ordinary followers of light finance, might imagine them filching their gain with the confidential, half-brazen, half-ashamed leer of the thimble-rigger. But the matter goes further and deeper. Every man who trades in this market, whether he pockets the profits of the maker, the purveyor, or the advertiser, takes toll of blood. He may not deceive himself here, for here the patent medicine business is nakedest, most cold hearted. Relentless greed sets the trap, and death is partner in the enterprise.

TOWN TOPICS vs. COLLIER'S

TESTIMONY TO BLACKMAIL—DAMAGING ADMISSIONS



COLONEL MANN

From the New York "Press" December, 20, 1905

Knowledge is power. The more you know about people that are worth knowing about, the more you'll know that's worth knowing. Some people are worth knowing all about, and all people are worth knowing something about. A word to the wise is worth two in the bush.

ter, of "Town Topics" and "Fads and Fancies," and Daniels there was a written contract by which Daniels was to receive a percentage of the profits of "America's Smart Set." Daniels admitted that Colonel Mann knew and approved of a scheme submitted to him by Wooster shortly before Wooster actually started "America's Smart Set." Daniels, following the Colonel's lead, endeavors to relieve Colonel Mann of responsibility by saying the scheme as actually carried out was not the one of which Colonel Mann approved.

By way of meeting Colonel Mann's emphatic assertions that he knew practically nothing of Irving or of his canvassing for "Fads and Fancies" the following letter was put in evidence:

"DEAR MR. IRVING—Your favor of the 3d I find this morning with cheque inclosed, \$1,500. I congratulate you on the good prospects you see for business. There are a good many eligible people in and about Newport just now, and I hope you will gather them all in.

"Cordially yours,
"(Signed)

W. D. MANN."

James A. Burden, Jr., testified to the methods which Irving used on him. He told on the stand the story which he had told the district attorney, and cross-examination by the "Town Topics" attorneys served mainly to bring out more strongly the insistence with which Irving explained to Mr. Burden that Colonel Mann, who wielded "a trenchant pen," would be much displeased if Mr. Burden did not subscribe, and that this displeasure would be likely to show in the treatment accorded in "Town Topics" to the Burden family.

Edwin M. Post told in full the story of Ahle's attempt to blackmail him. Ahle is the agent for "America's Smart Set" who is now in hiding, having forfeited his bail. Mr. Post testified that last June, Wayne, whom Mr. Daniels had testified was at that time in absolute control editorially of "Town Topics," asked him over the telephone to receive a representative of "Town Topics." Mr. Post said the representative would have to bring a letter of introduction, preferably from Colonel Mann. The Colonel was in Europe and Ahle called with a letter from Wayne. Mr. Post refused to subscribe to the book mentioned by Ahle, who then explained that this was not a case of merely asking for a subscription; that the members of the "Town Topics" staff had a way of making money on the side; and that if Mr. Post did not deliver the \$500 demanded disagreeable stories would be printed about him in

"Town Topics." Ahle also explained that everybody got his share of this blackmail, from Colonel Mann down, and that the percentages and accounts were all noted in a little red book in the "Town Topics" office. Mr. Post pleaded for delay and also for a letter promising immunity in the future if he paid. This letter Ahle could not procure, but he offered a receipt with printed signatures of Daniels and Wayne, and Mr. Post finally delivered over to him five marked \$100 bills, in a room in which Officer Flood, of the district attorney's office, was so concealed that he could see and hear the proceedings between Mr. Post and Ahle. One of Ahle's remarks, by way of reassuring Mr. Post, was that "Town Topics" always treated people honestly who paid. For instance, the paper had a story worth \$10,000 on a certain gentleman, and it let him off for a \$1,500 subscription to "Fads and Fancies," and never broke its promise of immunity.

As the district attorney had sent out notices that Judge Duell's action for criminal libel in the Supreme Court would be called immediately, and as the same lawyers are concerned, an adjournment in the Mann case was taken until after the Duell case had been tried. Mr. Osborne intimated that unless Colonel Mann should recover from his neuralgia sufficiently to take the stand no further hearings might be necessary in this case.

Comments of the Press

The Extent of Blackmail

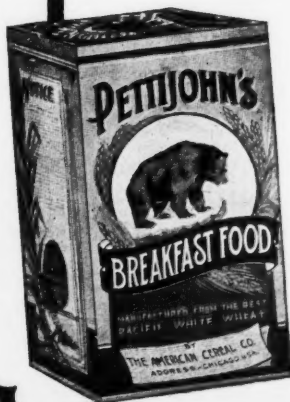
"It would appear from the record that there has been a great deal too much of this sort of thing going on in New York. One of Irving's predecessors committed suicide not long ago, after he had been arrested in a case that looked like blackmail. Another of Irving's associates, as Mr. Krotel says, jumped his bail and is now said to be in



I feel "bully" after a breakfast of

Pettijohn

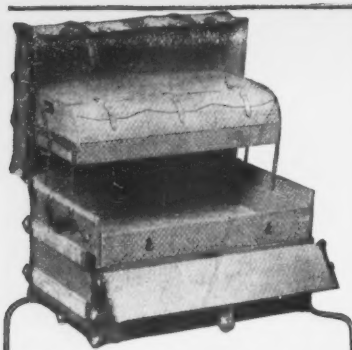
ALL WHEAT GOOD TO EAT



It is *the* breakfast food that makes boys and girls ready for anything. Ready for work or play—ready for study or sports.

It puts them into just the condition to get all the benefit of youth, and builds them up for after years.

It is the natural food that is as dainty and delicious as it is beneficial, and every boy and girl just loves Pettijohn.



The ABC Automatic Trunk

Raise the lid, and you raise the upper tray; drop the front and the second tray slides in and out; easy access to everything. Style No. 1601, like above, only \$20.00.

Write for "Tips to Travelers" illustrating our complete line of Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases.



Abel & Bach Co.

Largest Makers of Trunks and Bags in the World
Milwaukee, Wis.

This label on every genuine ABC Trunk, Bag or Suit Case

Good Points in the Smith Premier

Second Point: The Smith Premier Typewriter—equipped with a Bi-Chrome ribbon—writes in two colors or changes from copy to record at a touch of a lever, a necessity for indicating credits or emphasizing figures, words or paragraphs.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Branch Stores Everywhere.



First Point:
Complete
Keyboard.

TOWN TOPICS vs. COLLIER'S

(Continued from page 20)

India. How extensive is this apparent conspiracy of blackmail, and exactly who is implicated, is a matter to be determined by the courts. Several cases are now pending.

"That this nefarious industry has thrived so long is due, of course, to the reluctance of the wealthy men who have been blackmailed to incur the publicity of a trial. Beyond a doubt not a few have submitted to extortion rather than appear in court. However blameless a man's life, he can not expect to escape calumny. There are some who will always believe the worst, especially against a man of wealth and position."

"Mr. Burden's appearance in the present case is, therefore, the more to be commended. He took his time to it. He waited four years after the alleged attempt at blackmail. The statute of limitations would have been operative in another year. But the point is, he has at length come forward."

"Mr. Krotel has promised that other men in Mr. Burden's case will be on hand today to tell the court the story of their experiences with knaves who demand money for suppressing scandal. It is to be hoped that the assistant district attorney will not be disappointed."

"Once let it be seen that the rich men are not afraid, and there will be an end to blackmailing. Fear is the essence of the contract with these gentry. The fear not merely of what is, but of what may be; fear of the unknown and mysterious."

"The victims of the blackmailers deserve the best assistance that the newspapers can give them. It is the press whose name and character have been prostituted in this unspeakable traffic."—*Morning Telegraph, New York, December 18, 1905.*

On Holding Up

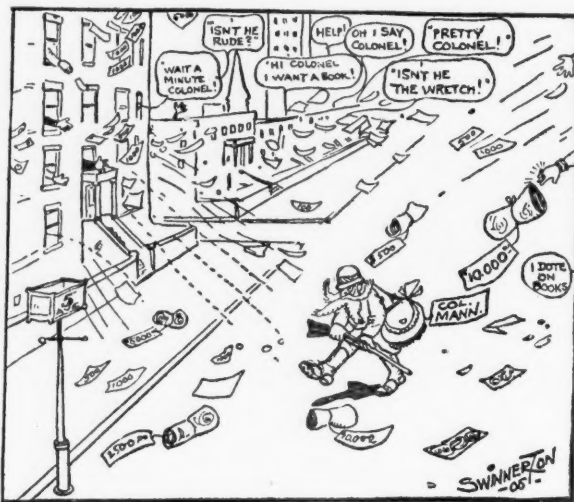
"Colonel Mann, the publisher of 'Town Topics' in New York, says his publication is designed to uplift society. He certainly held society up."—*The Herald, Louisville, Kentucky, December 4, 1905.*

Boomerangs

"Some of the developments in the trial of the libel suit brought by Colonel Mann, the publisher of 'Town Topics,' against the proprietors and editor of COLLIER'S, are more damaging to the plaintiff and his periodical than the statements in the printed articles on which the libel proceedings are based. Mann is being hoist by his own petard, through the exposure of his shady business method, that he has invited by rushing into court with his grievance."—*Chronicle, Attleboro, Massachusetts, December 7, 1905.*

The Catspaw

"Mr. Krotel, in the proceedings before Magistrate Finn, charged openly that Irving had been 'catpaw' for one Colonel Mann in blackmailing schemes for relieving rich and prominent men of this city of their money."—*The Sun, New York, December 17, 1905.*



"It's the open season on Fifth Avenue these days—and game's plenty. If you don't believe it ask Judge Deuel, Colonel Mann's partner, who said in a recent article entitled 'Hunting the Bobcat in New York,' 'All you've got to do, Wooster, is to point your gun at 'em and they'll drop.' Colonel Mann is one of the most successful cracksmen—I mean marksmen—in New York society."

—*The New York American, December 25, 1905.*

A Duty of the Rich

"We are glad to see evidences that the rich people who make up what is called society are showing a disposition to put their tormentors behind the bars."—*Hartford Times, December 16, 1905.*

The Real Plaintiff

"The Colonel really ought to be a defendant, and the people ought to be the plaintiff."—*New York National Advertiser, December 2, 1905.*

The Hold-Up Game

"In other words, Mr. Harriman tried the 'Fads and Fancies' method on Mr. Ryan."—*Times, Roanoke, Va., December 19, 1905.*

The Important Ingredient

"Colonel Mann, publisher of the too well advertised book, 'Fads and Fancies,' swears that he never read the work; he contented himself with reading the checks, which he considered of greatly superior merit."—*Sentinel, Milwaukee, Wis., December 25, 1905.*

One Way It Works

"That fine 'impartiality' in paragraphing, of which 'Town Topics' Colonel Mann is wont to boast, is aptly illustrated in the case of Lawson."

"For a long period, dating way back to the early Horse-Show days, Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, could not get his name mentioned in 'Town Topics.' The paper then stood for that 'standard financial investing' which is recognized by all legitimate gentlemen speculators, and angel Thomas, 'der people's fren't,' was not to be thought of in so far as the 'society' paragraphs of 'Topics' were concerned. Lawson could buy boxes at the Horse Show and parade equine after equine until the affair was locally dubbed by Bostonians 'the Lawson Horse Show.' Still, nary a mention of Lawson in 'Town Topics.' Writers could submit paragraphs and articles. Back they would come. The name of Lawson was 'of not sufficient social importance to justify its appearance in a periodical devoted to the doings of cultivated and exclusive society."

"Colonel Mann, you are a marvel. What wonderful capers you manage to cover with that pompous piece of feather: 'not of sufficient importance, etc.'"

"Within the past few months, Lawson has been advertising in 'Town Topics.' Within the past few weeks the name of Lawson has appeared in 'Town Topics' social columns. In issue of November 30, for instance, Lawson is mentioned in connection with a kennel exhibition, and in the same form and manner in which the rest of the 'cultivated and exclusive' society set is mentioned."—*The Journalist, New York, December 16, 1905.*

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is the title of Our New Catalogue for 1906—the most beautiful and instructive horticultural publication of the day—186 pages—700 engravings—7 superb colored plates—7 duotone plates of vegetables and flowers.

To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following liberal offer:

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To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses Ten Cents (in stamps), we will mail the catalogue, and also send free of charge, our famous 50-Cent "Henderson" Collection of seeds, containing one packet each of Giant Mixed Sweet Peas, Giant Fancy Peas, mixed, Giant Fava Beans, mixed, Henderson's New York Lettuce, Early Ruby Tomatoes, and White Tippled Savoy Kale, in a coupon envelope, which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to \$1.00 and upward.

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is the Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco. A superb blend of the cream of North Carolina golden leaf tobacco.

Rich, Fragrant, Deliciously Mild and Never Bites the Tongue

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The National Press Association

54 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

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Samples for trial on receipt of return postage.

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MATRESS

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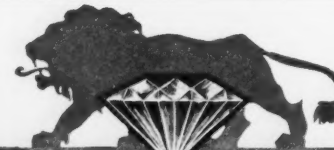
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Every Gem is guaranteed and may be exchanged any time at full value

Only diamonds of striking brilliance, pure color, perfect cut and polish are sold by Lyon & Co. They are guaranteed in every way by the oldest diamond house in America.

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Gilbert's Heel Cushions
"Worn inside the shoe"

Increase Height, Arch the Instep, Make Better Fitting Shoes, Relieve Pain in Walking, move Jar in Walking, require larger shoes. 3/4 in. 25c; 1 in. 35c; 1 1/2 in. 50c per pair. At shoe and READ Send name, size shoe, height desired, and day's stamp for pair on ten days' trial.

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10,000 YOUNG MEN WANTED

Be a Railway Brakeman or Fireman

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We teach you by mail and actually fit you in a short time for immediate employment. School conducted by prominent railroad men and endorsed by railroad managers who want our students. The greatest field today for young men is railroading. Our course is intensely interesting and fits you for rapid promotion. Many positions now open. Begin at once. Write for catalogue today.

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AUTUMN FICTION AWARD

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

OUR one-thousand-dollar quarterly bonus for the story deemed the best, among those received between September 1 and December 1, happens to execute that rare, attractive feat, poetic justice. Poetic justice, we may pause to repeat, is not often with us. The rain waters the crops of the wicked and destroys the clothing of the good; virtue and merit carry with them frequently no reward beyond their own intrinsic worth. The conviction lives in our office in undiminished strength, that in the original \$8,000 contest "Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom" deserved a prize, and regret has haunted us that the judgment lay so far from our opinion.

Lovers of urbanity will willingly read an extract from a letter written by the author of "Fagan":

"I've just read 'Rasselas,' and can't help wondering how 'Fagan' ever got a chance. In technique it seems to me at least equal to the 'Sick-A-Bed Lady,' and as a bit of imaginative construction far superior, because more coherent and rational. It strikes me it weakens toward the close, but then—was ever virtuous happiness dramatic enough to make a strong ending for a 'pleasant' short story? I can't seem to remember one. Sincerely yours, R. THOMAS."

To make this exhibit of disinterestedness complete, the author of "Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom" declares that her story ranks nowhere near "Fagan," although she refuses Mr. Thomas's explanation about virtuous happiness. This story of hers, which this quarter is the object of our preference, is a tale of suffering for the right. Those readers—as such there ever are—who fail to share our choice will write angrily, attributing our act to lingering memories of "Rasselas," a motive, of course, which never could have welcome in an office so full of conscience as is ours. Who accomplished this slight adjustment of accounts was not ourselves, but fate.

"At Ephesus" will console the many who protested against our tales on topics often viewed askance. This, in the nobility of its theme and spirit, is as distinguished in conception as in style. It is a picture of courage chosen in preference to indulgence. The hero is old; his work in the world seems ended; but he accepts pain, lasting and intense, that a younger friend may live in the presence not of weakness but of strength.

As to whether or not "At Ephesus" is happy, the best we can do is perhaps to quote from a letter by the author: "In a certain sense I offer 'At Ephesus' as a compromise with cheerfulness. It is not nature's way to leave tragedies raw and 'sluggish.' So, perhaps, if we could write our little modern tragedies more quietly and end them with a good-natured major chord, we should not make such nuisances of ourselves, and the result would be as readable as if the story were cheerful throughout. I do not mean a 'happy ending'—but as some kind of Fortinbras is always bound to enter one way or another, I see no reason why he should not be indicated. I am not sure that he is not one of the best things in 'Hamlet.'"

As the decision, for the first time, was unanimous, the personal narration of our conference will on this occasion be omitted. One of us took more pleasure in Mr. Whitman's "The Antiseptic," a tale of action related to the war of Russia and Japan, although his judgment gave "At Ephesus" a higher place. We all conceded that in the chosen story a certain failure in concentrated power is a shortcoming. The effect is not always what the conception and workmanship would promise.

Second in the mind of one, largely for the interest of its theme, came "My Mike and Joe Crane," by Mr. Child.

"The Haunted Coat," by Mrs. Pangborn, is exquisite in style, and, like several of her stories, essentially a poem. Her verse is always poetry, and likewise often is her prose.

"Beyond Rubies" tells of the stage, with the sympathy and fidelity which Miss Tracy has already proved, and Gouverneur Morris's "Simon L'Ouvrier" also moves in that world whose unflinching charm eludes our search. Partly it is because the material in which this art bodies forth itself is human flesh—women and men of temperament and beauty. Partly it is the breadth with which drama can imitate that vast, adorable, or horrid tragedy, or melodrama, or symphony, or farce, in which the universe and ourselves are passing scenes. A story of the stage need be passing bad not to have some touch of sympathy or romance.

In humor the autumn quarter was satisfactory, and humor in the solemn pages of a fighting weekly is ever welcome. "The True Lixir," by Sewell Ford, is a bit of light-hearted humorous adventure, and "A Pillar of Society," by Josephine Daskam Bacon, with a serious theme, is full of lighter mood.

"Agamemnon and the Fall of Troy," by H. W. Phillips; "His Last Christmas Gift," by John Fox, Jr., and "The Wolf of the City," by Edwin Balmer, have been already published.

The accepted list follows:

AGAMEMNON AND THE FALL OF TROY	H. W. Phillips
MY MIKE AND JOE CRANE	Richard Washburn Child
THE WOLF OF THE CITY	Edwin Balmer
THE ANTISEPTIC	Stephen French Whitman
THE TRUE LIXIR	Sewell Ford
THE HAUNTED COAT	Georgia Wood Pangborn
BEYOND RUBIES	Virginia Tracy
AT EPHEBUS	Georgia Wood Pangborn
SIMON L'OUVRIER	Gouverneur Morris
HIS LAST CHRISTMAS GIFT	John Fox, Jr.
A PILLAR OF SOCIETY	Josephine Daskam Bacon

We expect, in general, less comment than last quarter, less objection, and fewer epistles like the following:

"Sir—A Sick-A-Bed Man would like to know what the prize story, 'The Sick-A-Bed Lady,' really means. Perhaps I am very obtuse, but if so, as regards this story, I belong to a large and growing fellowship. My home is in Missouri, and you must show me. After I read the story I began to wonder if in a moment of absent-mindedness I had been indulging in Peruna. What was all the fuss about anyway? Who hid Billy Patterson, and why did he do it? I am a plain, blunt man, and if you can sharpen my understanding of this story I will give you my solemn promise never to drink another bottle of Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound, and will continue to blow my nose in scorn at Hall's Catarrh remedies. Yours for a peaceful mind,"

Regarding one class of stories, our principles have called forth a protest, brilliant, rational, and polished, from Anthony Hope. His article, to be published in the next Fiction Number, will be an agreeable relief from these uninspired reports of mine; but as a few explanatory words from me are to be used as an accompaniment, I will stop now, and put all available ingenuity on constructing some defence to the strictures of Mr. Hope. To those, therefore, who follow these vapourings on the fictive pageant as it passes—a *bienôt*.

Baby's Food can always be uniform if you use Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. The original. Especially prepared as an infant food. Send for Baby's Diary, a valuable booklet for mothers. 108 Hudson Street, New York.—Ad.

U-ALL-NO. AFTER DINNER MINT.



A confection of creamy smoothness with a peculiarly delicate mint flavor due to the new process of making. U-ALL-NO. is of extraordinary purity, and especially beneficial as a gentle aid to digestion.

Sold in sealed tins by grocers, confectioners and druggists everywhere. If your dealer does not keep U-ALL-NO. we will send a liberal box on receipt of 10c. Kindly mention Collier's Weekly.

MANUFACTURING CO. OF AMERICA
439 N. 12th St., Philadelphia

Prevents Wet Feet.

The inner soles are made by a patented process so that they resist dampness and keep the foot dry and comfortable, thus preventing colds, pneumonia and other serious sicknesses.

Worth Cushion Sole Shoe



Saves the Stockings which means less mending, because the cushion or inner sole makes a soft cushion under the smooth leather on which the foot rests, causing less friction. Made in various styles, heavy and light, lace, button, Congress and dainty Oxford.

Men's \$4.00 and \$5.00 Women's \$3.50

Ask your dealer for them. If he hasn't them send his name to us and we will mail to you our catalogue and find a way to supply you.



The Cummings Co.
406 Washington Street
Boston, Mass.

JAMAICA



Avoid the Dreary Days of Winter

Visit the Island of Perpetual Summer

Travel on one of the perfectly equipped "Admirals," the Twin Screw U. S. Mail Steamships of the

United Fruit Company

They afford the most delightful salt water trip of the winter months. Within 24 hours after leaving, you are in the warm air of the Gulf Stream. Hotel accommodations in Jamaica satisfy every desire.

Weekly Sailings from Boston and Philadelphia. Steamships "Brookline" and "Barnstable" weekly from Baltimore.

Round Trip, \$75 and \$45
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according to location

rates include meals and stateroom berth
"A Happy Month in Jamaica" is a fascinating booklet we send on request. For this and complete information, write to one of these addresses.

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Thos. Cook & Sons
or Local Tourist Agent



A Congressman's Secretary

ONE of the most pleasant and lucrative positions for a stenographer is that of private secretary to a member of Congress. Aside from the prestige which such a position gives in the political and social world in the capital, it is remunerative, and the duties are not arduous, not more than half of the time of the stenographer being taken by them. The result is that those who are fortunate and competent enough to hold this position are the objects of envy of all government clerks and other employees.

Such a position, however, requires a high degree of skill in writing shorthand, especially if the congressman is active in the debates on the floor. No mere novice need aspire for this position, unless he perfects himself and becomes really competent to do practical shorthand work of the highest order.

One of the latest successes in this line of work is Mr. Ray Nyemaster, formerly of Atalissa, Ia., but now in Washington as the private secretary to Congressman Dawson, of the Second Congressional district of Iowa. The most remarkable feature in connection with his appointment is the fact that he had absolutely no knowledge of shorthand seven months prior to his appointment and received his shorthand education by home study, and was chosen from a large number of stenographers who were graduates from the personally conducted shorthand departments of business colleges in his Congressional district. This course he received in the correspondence instruction department of the Success Shorthand School of Chicago.

Because of the high recommendation given this school by the official court reporter in this district, Mr. J. M. McLaughlin, of Wapello, Ia., Mr. Nyemaster was induced to take up the study of this course. Mr. McLaughlin was a graduate of the correspondence department of this school and owed his great ability



RAY NYEMASTER

Private Secretary Congressman Dawson to its teachings. When Mr. Nyemaster concluded the lessons, he found himself competent to perform the high grade of work necessary in Washington and, after being thoroughly tested by Congressman Dawson, his appointment was made. Here is a letter written to the school by Mr. Nyemaster when he received notification of his selection:

ATLANTA, Ia., Nov. 8, 1905.
Success Shorthand School, Chicago, Ill.
GENTLEMEN: I am very glad to take this opportunity to thank you for the kind interest you have shown in my work, and to commend your school to those desiring a thorough knowledge of shorthand.

Seven months ago I had no knowledge of shorthand, and was engaged as cashier in a bank. On the recommendation of a friend I enrolled in the correspondence department of your school. My duties as cashier required my time during the day, and I devoted two hours each evening to the study of your course, completing it in six months. The interesting manner in which the lessons were presented, and your interest in my work made the study a pleasure.

I am now engaged as private secretary to a Congressman. Of course, the teaching and experience of your school fitted me to perform the duties of this position.

I believe that any person of ordinary intelligence, with a willingness to work, and a desire to succeed can master your course in a short time.

If I can be of service to you at any time in recommending your course to a prospective student, I shall be very glad.

RAY NYEMASTER.

Throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico there are many other successful stenographers whose futures have been assured by the expert instruction given in this school. In the same mail with his letter was one from Louis J. Crollard, a member of the firm of Crollard Brothers, stenographic experts, at Wenatchee, Wash., an old shorthand writer, who wrote:

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Editorial Bulletin

New York, Saturday, January Thirteenth, Nineteen Hundred and Six

The Patent Medicine Vultures

THE fifth in "The Great American Fraud" series of articles on patent medicines appears in this issue. It is called "Preying on the Incurables" and explains fully how the quacks and nostrum-makers absolutely traffic in human life by selling to their victims drugs that are of no help whatever to them in their distress, but which serve to lull the senses and create a craving for more. The drugs which accomplish this vicious purpose are morphine, chloroform, hasheesh, and even prussic acid. Mr. Adams makes it clear that the consignment "cures" are but poisons that hasten death. He has something to tell, too, about cough syrups, and he illustrates his paragraph with the reproduction of a coroner's verdict, showing that a child who took Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup died of opium poisoning. The article is one of the most important of the series and is worth the attention of every one of our readers. The next article in the series will probably be published in COLIER'S for February 3, and will treat of "The Fundamental Fakes,"—the testimonial and the advertisement. There will be some interesting revelations in that article.

Amundsen and the Northwest Passage

THE first news that Capt. Roald Amundsen had made the Northwest Passage and had located the north magnetic pole was given to the world in a message from the explorer published in the newspapers of December 8, and sent by him from Eagle City, Alaska. In this he told of his success and announced that he would winter at King Point. COLIER'S at once telegraphed to Captain Amundsen, asking him to prepare an article describing his voyage and discoveries, and illustrating it with photographs taken on the trip. Telegraphic communication between New York City and the most northern United States military post in Alaska is almost as easy as between neighboring towns, so that it was not long before Captain Amundsen wired to COLIER'S: "Story 'Gjoa' expedition, including photographs, forwarding next mail." We do not know when the "next mail" starts from Fort Egbert, but as soon as the article reaches this office we will give our readers the first true story of Captain Amundsen's achievements, illustrated with photographs. Captain Amundsen left Norway in June, 1903, in the 'Gjoa,' and for the first time in history navigated the Northwest Passage and absolutely located the true magnetic pole,—that is, he found the spot where the magnetic needle stands vertical. The importance of his observations to navigation can not be overestimated. The "magnetic pole" is about one thousand miles from the actual "north pole," which has been the object of so many Arctic expeditions, and the precise location of it is one of the greatest importance to geographers. It will now be possible to make surveys from a fixed and absolute base, thus correcting errors in existing maps and charts and accurately recording many terrestrial phenomena. Columbus was the first to note, in 1492, the various deviations of the magnetic needle from the true north; and since that time scientists have endeavored to find a reason for this and to record the precise locality of the magnetic pole. Captain Amundsen, having done this, will have a most interesting account to render.

Award of the \$1,000 Prize

ON page twenty-four of this number the result of the September-to-December prize competition is announced. It will be noted that there were only eleven stories accepted in this quarter, whereas seventeen manuscripts were bought in the June-to-September contest. As we have already announced, a third premium of \$1,000 will be awarded to the best story accepted between December 1, 1905, and March 1, 1906. The prize-winning story of the September-to-December contest will be published in the February Fiction Number, February 10.

The Automobile Number

NEXT week's COLIER'S will be an Automobile Number,—that is, the space not taken by the usual departments will be devoted to motor topics,—because this is the time of year when that subject is uppermost. The cover design has been drawn by J. C. Leyendecker, the double-page picture by Walter Appleton Clark. A number of short articles on matters of automobile interest will be included in the number.

The Kipling Story

THE manuscript of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's story, announced two weeks ago, has arrived. The tale is called "The Puzzlers." It may be briefly designated as a monkey story,—but to go further into the plot would surely spoil the reader's enjoyment of a very lively and humorous narrative.

The Canal Next

MR. FREDERICK PALMER'S series of articles on national topics begins in this number with "Coming Back at the President," on page fourteen. The next article will probably be published next week, under the title of "Please Don't Talk to Mr. Shonts—Please Don't Hurry Mr. Stevens!" It treats of the Panama Canal situation in a manner in which no writer has yet approached that topic.

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